THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI No. 1784

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MARCH 31 1934

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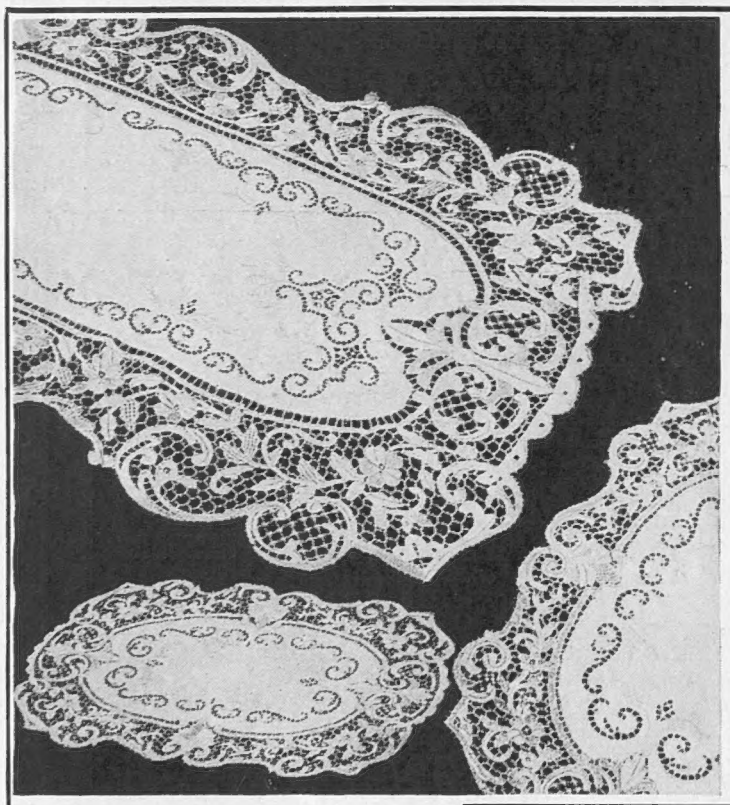

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 31, 1934

THE ROYAL VISIT to the NATIONAL GALLERY

The Queen Taking Leave of Sir Philip Sassoon, Chairman of the Trustees

The King, looking extremely well, was accompanied by the Queen on a private visit to the National Gallery last Sunday. On the journey there the Royal car took a wrong turning and entered Suffolk Street, which is a cul-de-sac. Finally Their Majesties entered the Gallery by the back entrance in St. Martin's Street, where they were received by Sir Philip Sassoon and Mr. Kenneth Clark. They then inspected the Large English Room, which has recently been re-decorated, the Queen commenting favourably on the effectiveness of the pale beige walls as a background for the pictures. Both the King and Queen were particularly interested in the fact that the gallery is soon to be lit by electric light so that it can be kept open in dark and foggy weather. The visit lasted an hour and Their Majesties were given a great ovation when they appeared, this time at the front entrance

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

THE GRAND NATIONAL: The field taking the first fence in last Friday's great race at Aintree, which was won in record time by Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Miller. In this picture Delaneige (extreme right) is seen in the lead with Gregalach half a length behind. Five horses came down here, including Southern Hero, Pelorus Jack, and the well-fancied Sorley Boy

BECHER'S BROOK—THE FIRST TIME ROUND: Strangely enough there was not blundered badly on landing. Gregalach (No. 1), a former winner of the race carry the heavy burden

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 28, 1934.

EASTER EGGS FOR JOURNALISTS.—A backward spring. Little chance for letting oneself go with word-pictures concerning daffodils and primroses and pink blossom or with mythological gleanings anent flowery Proserpine; and the journalist, pressing forward in advance with his Easter "copy" during what is usually a period deficient in news items, prepared himself to make bricks without straw. But Allah was merciful and in the nick of time sent the great Paris Spy Disclosures, a "record" sensation in the best manner with all the approved features. A suspected couple with an impossibly "suspicious" surname, the female of the species more beautiful than any beautiful spy of fiction (and, please note, the charges have yet to be proved), more beautiful even than Madame Stavisky; for the responsible "villains of the piece," the two nations which of all other Paris would choose for principals in a great espionage drama, and there we are. Enough straw to ensure the making and dropping of any number of bricks. As if this unexpected gift were not enough, Heaven weighed in with another. Before the Amens punctuating the Church's prayers for rain had died away, several rain-measuring stations were able to report record March rainfalls since 19-whatever-it-is, and the Press to reproduce panoramas of Yorkshire flood areas! What could a conscientious journalist ask more?

CELEBRATING HER VICTORY: Miss Dorothy Paget with the Grand National Trophy. This picture was taken at the banquet held at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, after the race

MUSSOLINI CLEARS THE AIR?—Mussolini last week voiced Italy's view of the European tangle with uncompromising frankness. Fresh from the triumph of the Protocols which may well end the economic deadlock of the Danube States, he made several important pronouncements on European politics. He made it clear that Austria could count on Italian support in the defence of her independence. He denounced the absurdity of the illusion that Germany could be kept disarmed by the terms of the (or any) Treaty. And he spoke of the life of the League of Nations as hanging by a hair. For if, said he, the Disarmament Conference fails again, there will be no need to reform the League. It will be enough to register its decease. The appreciative roar of laughter which greeted this jibe is the measure of Italy's valuation of the utility of the League as at present constituted. It is also the measure of Italy's expectation of any result from the Disarmament Conference. But, more than these things, it is a warning to the other Great Powers. It warns them that, if the obstructing doubts and conditions cannot be removed and some measure of Disarmament now attained, the genuine peacemakers among the Great Powers must reshuffle the pack, must divide the sane from the insane, and form a new League of sane nations and sane opinion. I have felt a wish to voice my own opinion very often lately, that if the Disarmament Conference does indeed fail, it is not necessarily the end of civilization. Just possibly, it may herald the dawn of sanity and constructive agreement.

YOUTH TRIUMPHANT.—At an informal gathering last week I had my first opportunity to converse with, observe, and cross-question a number of highly educated young Germans who are playing a leading part in developing the Nazi movement in Germany. Their sphere of activity is principally among university students. They were over here on a visit with the object of making better known in England the aims and ideals of Nazi-ism. These young men were compelled (since their knowledge of English was much better than our knowledge of German) to express their ideas and ideals in a foreign language with which they were imperfectly acquainted. But their sincerity won through, and they not only charmed us and gained our sympathy but they convinced me of many things of which I had been doubtful. Of the sincerity of their convictions I had never doubted, but they left me satisfied that Adolf Hitler and his creed and policy were to them as God and his religion to a fanatic. They left me convinced also that Nazi-ism had indeed given back to uprooted German youth a new happiness, a new faith, a new sense of high achievement, and a belief in a golden future, in all of which it has been lacking since the German revolutions shattered their faith in all that had guided and lighted their fathers. The young Nazis were, of course, cross-questioned on many vital political questions, and I think they convinced me that wars of aggression were among the very last things they desired or sought to prepare for; that an effort to regain the Corridor by force was not remotely possible in the next decade; that colonial expansion was not in their immediate programme, but that by every constitutional means they intended to endeavour to bring Austria into the Reich until they were convinced of the political impracticability or undesirability of the effort. They made it clear that their first and most vital preoccupation was economic and domestic—the solution of their own unemployment problem. After we had been discussing for two or three hours, it suddenly occurred to one of us that in the length and breadth of the conversations no word had been said of what middle-aged and old men in Germany were thinking and suffering under this regime of youth triumphant and youth at the helm.

PITY THE OLD.—This question put appeared to have lowered (in the eyes of the young Nazis) the high level of debate on a serious subject. One would not expect these young men (fanatically devoted to the greatest movement in the history of their country) to have time to spare for cultivating a sense of humour, and it was proof that they have not so wasted time that the only answer they gave to this question was in the following sense: "The older people tired themselves out with their labours and responsibilities before and during the War. We have relieved them of their burdens now, and they are enjoying their rest." A delightfully ingenuous answer! Are they? What, I wonder, does the average middle-aged educated Englishman think of the plight of his opposite number in Germany to-day, compelled to live in a world from which every feature which makes life endurable in his conception is removed? I mean, that liberty of the individual not only to think but to express his thoughts, so to shape his actions in social life as to express his beliefs, openly to criticize and to exchange divergent views on political problems, and lastly to live in his memories and in the traditions of his youth to the extent which he

desires? Granted that young Germany in its triumph is sweetening and dignifying communal life with the most genuine sentiments and practices of fellowship, and a strong determination to uproot for ever class barriers, let us not forget that middle age and old age are slow to readjust themselves to radical change of opinions, and as such must largely stand outside the movement, isolated and despised; and let us spare some sympathy for their bitter plight.

THE CONTRAST. — In a debate on Imperial defence, selected to wind up the deliberations of Parliament shortly before the recess, the House showed itself in a favourable light, the speeches being courteous and statesmanlike, informed, constructive, and helpful; and the general impression left, if the results were negative, was that the gradual evolution towards a single Ministry of Defence was proceeding more rapidly than was supposed and that the existing Committee of Imperial Defence is far better co-ordinated than is commonly believed. At the end of the debate Mr. Baldwin—straying a little from the theme—spoke feelingly of the awful burden of responsibility on a modern Premier and appeared to be defending the present Government from the charge, so frequently voiced of late, that the Premier's responsibility to-day is shared too much among his colleagues. (Marco and Giuseppi, in fact.) "There was," said he, "a danger that good men after four or five years in that position might be worn out. It was true that that would make room for the younger men . . ." It struck me forcibly how sharply this statement brought into relief the difference between England and Germany to-day! If the life of a modern Premier in England be two score months and ten, how amazingly have Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin themselves stood the strain. They are centenarians of whom the country should well be proud. They have lived thrice man's allotted span and are still going strong. So strong indeed that young men who were kicking their heels a decade ago are young no longer. The triumph of youth in England is not on the map as yet. It is indeed a stimulating and tremendous contrast.

A GUSHER? — Britain is a small island. Much of its natural beauty has been permanently ruined by industrialism and by unregulated commercialism and lack of taste. What is left of natural beauty is to-day very sacred and is the subject of innumerable books—guide books, prose idylls, pen pictures, with an introduction by Mr. Stanley Baldwin or some other well-known lover of Britain and Britain's heritage of beauty. Those of us who have seen what a countryside looks like when it has been turned into an oilfield must tremble at the possibilities implied in the latest Government rush-Bill. Derricks, pipe-lines, scum, stink, and devastation, an abomination of desolation. That is one—an uncompromising and one-sided—picture. On the other side, the possibility of Britain "striking oil" at a time when a new source of natural wealth is so urgently needed, a new means of employing the unemployable, of helping to make us independent of foreign supplies for a vital commodity. Add — a fine proof that the Government is very much alive to what a modern Socialist State must achieve in advance to control and regulate for the good of the community the production of a new source of natural wealth—and you have the other side of the picture at which not even the most advanced Socialist and Government detractor can cavil. It remains to await news of the first gusher with hope or dread. Those of us who are not needy landowners will hope that the oil-bearing strata do not lie beneath the soil of our own particular corner of old England.

SUITABLE FOR TRUSTEES?—It is very rarely that romance enters into the relationship of broker and client. You may read the Stock Exchange record of dealings in your daily paper for a month and not come across any touch of the picturesque. Under the surface no doubt the romance of industry can be dimly perceived in the strength of "Brums" or in the temporary sagging of Kaffirs or the liquidation of a bear account in Oils. But the very language of the Stock Exchange is anti-romance. What joy then to receive a prospectus of the forthcoming issue by a company, the names of whose directors spell high adventure in perilous seas amid fairylands forlorn, a prospectus in which is wrapped up a memorandum which reads exactly like a chapter from *Treasure Island*. I refer to the prospectus of Treasure Recovery, Limited, which is glorious reading—a rarely mixed salad indeed, composed of guarded references to the latest scientific devices for spotting hidden precious metals, and frank and coloured extracts from Foreign Office handbooks which treat of pirates' caches and Incas' treasure. It is Westward Ho! to the Spanish Main and the Cocos Islands where lie buried perhaps the loot of the pirate captains, Cook, Davis, and Dampier. We are off to lift the ill-gotten plunder of the good ships, *Batchelor's Delight* and *Mary Dier*, and the gold of Lima Cathedral (60,000,000 dollars worth). We are off to lift Flint's treasure and pieces of eight beyond counting. I say "we," for surely I am right (despite the promoters' very careful warning that the venture has elements of speculation) in regarding the investment as suitable for trustees and in giving my brokers instructions to sell out my holdings of Funding and 3½ per cent. Loans? If ever an investment sounded attractive to infant orphans, it is this. Here at last is profitable business combined with pleasure.

ROAD-SAFETY BILL.—Mr. Stanley's long-awaited Bill will provide food for thought for the thoughtful and, let us hope, the thoughtless motorist, cyclist, and pedestrian during the first holiday of the year, when all three categories of liberty men burst out again upon the open road. The least concerned and the most triumphant will be the young gentleman in the sports car who loves to show his girl what he and his car can do in the way of quick acceleration. Not for him the driving test, not for him the re-imposition of a speed limit, not for him any condemnation for past crimes. On the contrary, as he always maintained and as the greybeards and pundits of officialdom have now confirmed, 75 per cent. of the deaths and maimings are due to the blithering of those silly sheep, the foot-sloggers. If they would only keep their heads, they might keep their limbs and lives when the modern Jehu, in beret and sports car, roars by. And now at last the obstinate belief of pedestrians, that they had a right to use the high roads and lanes, is to receive an official check. *Væ victis!* The battle is to the strong and the road to the swift. Progress.

MISS PAGET'S NATIONAL. —Our continuing triumphs over time and space are not solely due to advances in science. We not only fly faster and drive faster and steam faster every year. We row faster and ride faster. A record boat-race time has been followed by a record "National" time. Are we then physically a better race than our forefathers and do we breed a finer animal than they? If the answer is yes! the scientists have a word to say. "You owe that improvement also to us. We studied diet and you have benefited from our researches." Miss Paget, the turf heroine of the hour, is half an American. Lady Queenborough, her mother, was a Whitney and thus the second most popular racing fixture of our racing year was a five-sixths triumph for the U.S. The remaining one-sixth is credited to the more or less English ancestry of the Pagets who hailed from Staffordshire. Golden Miller is not the "driven-in-a-butcher's-cart" type of National winner. The horse was bought to win the race and big money was paid. Miss Paget is very rich and can afford to lay out large sums on her expensive hobby, but she buys with shrewdness and knowledge, and is immensely keen, thorough, and courageous. She is very popular with all classes of turf patrons and has reached an enviable position as an owner in a very short time. Her victory at Aintree will confirm her in her determination to "buy the best" until she can win the blue ribbon of the turf on Epsom Downs.

THE OLD STAGER

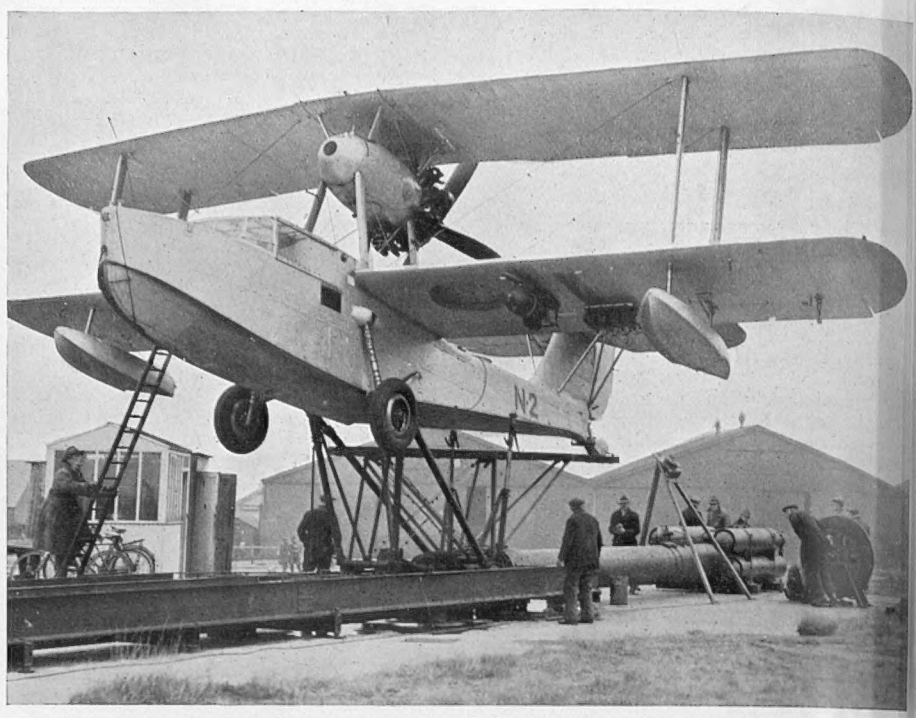
single fall here, but Golden Miller (No. 3), who is seen taking the jump, ave a superb exhibition of jumping. He finished seventh in spite of having to f 12 stone 7 lb.

THE LAST FENCE: Having shaken off the rest of the field Golden Miller (left) and Delaneige took the last fence almost together. The former hit the top of the jump heavily, but, unlike the unfortunate Pelorus Jack in last year's race, made a superb landing and easily outgalloped the rapidly-tiring Delaneige

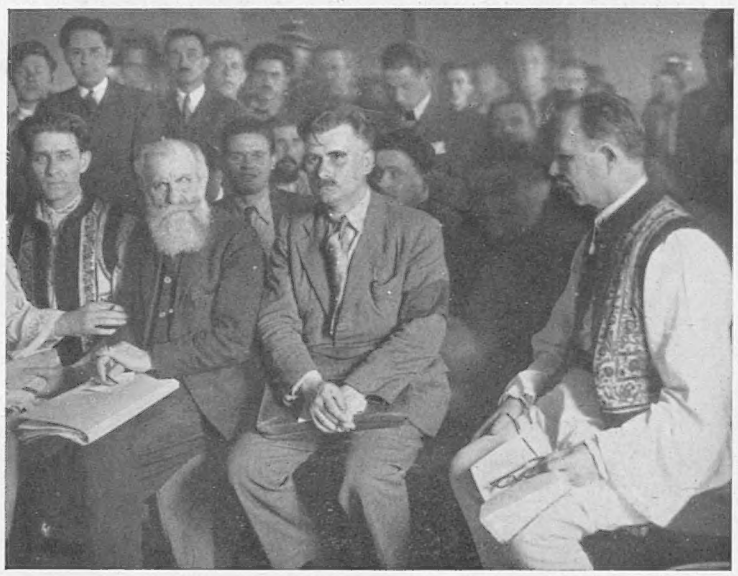
CHEERS FOR THE WINNER: G. Wilson, the jockey, being congratulated on his first Grand National victory. *Right*—Miss Dorothy Paget leading Golden Miller in to the unsaddling enclosure. She received an almost deafening ovation from one of the largest crowds ever seen at Aintree. She is the sixth woman to own a Grand National winner

A PICTORIAL SURVEY

AT ST. PETER'S, ROME: Before 25,000 pilgrims, twenty-five Cardinals and members of the Papal Court, the Papal aristocracy, and the Diplomatic Corps, the Pope canonized Giuseppe Cottolengo, Pompilio Pirotti (a missionary), and Therese Redi (a Carmelite nun)



AN UNIQUE FEAT: The new Supermarine flying boat, *Seagull V*, about to be launched by catapult from the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Hampshire. This is the first time that a craft of this type has been launched in this way



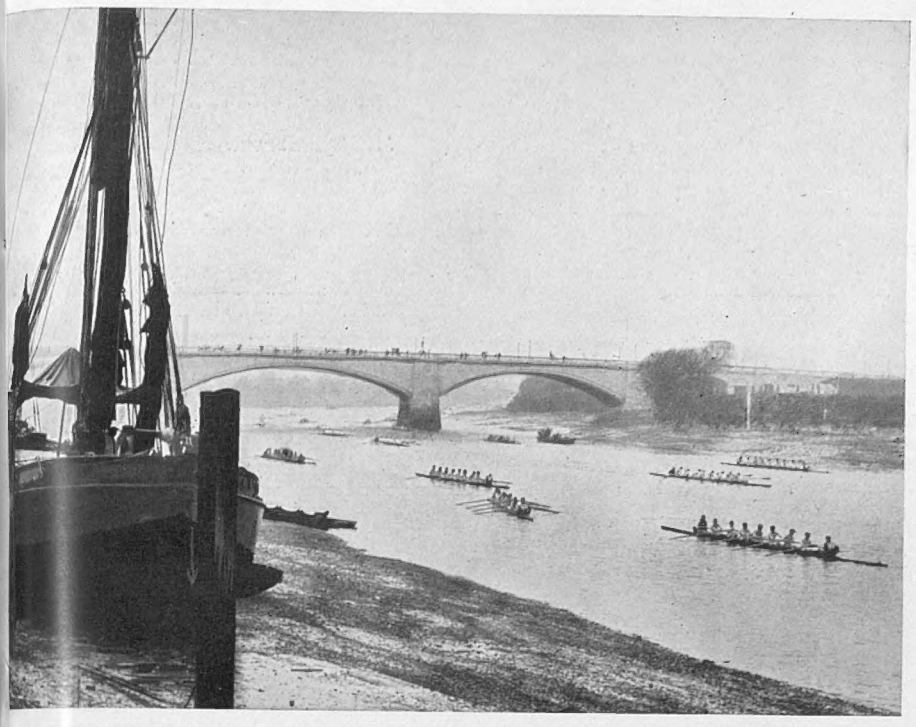
ACCUSED OF PLOTTING THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. DUCA, THE RUMANIAN PREMIER: Four of the forty-nine members of the Iron Guard who are being tried by court-martial at Bucharest

PALM SUNDAY AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: The Right Rev. Edward Myers, Titular Bishop of Lamus and Bishop-Auxiliary of Westminster, who deputized for Cardinal Bourne, heading the procession into the cathedral. A feature of the service was the blessing of the palms

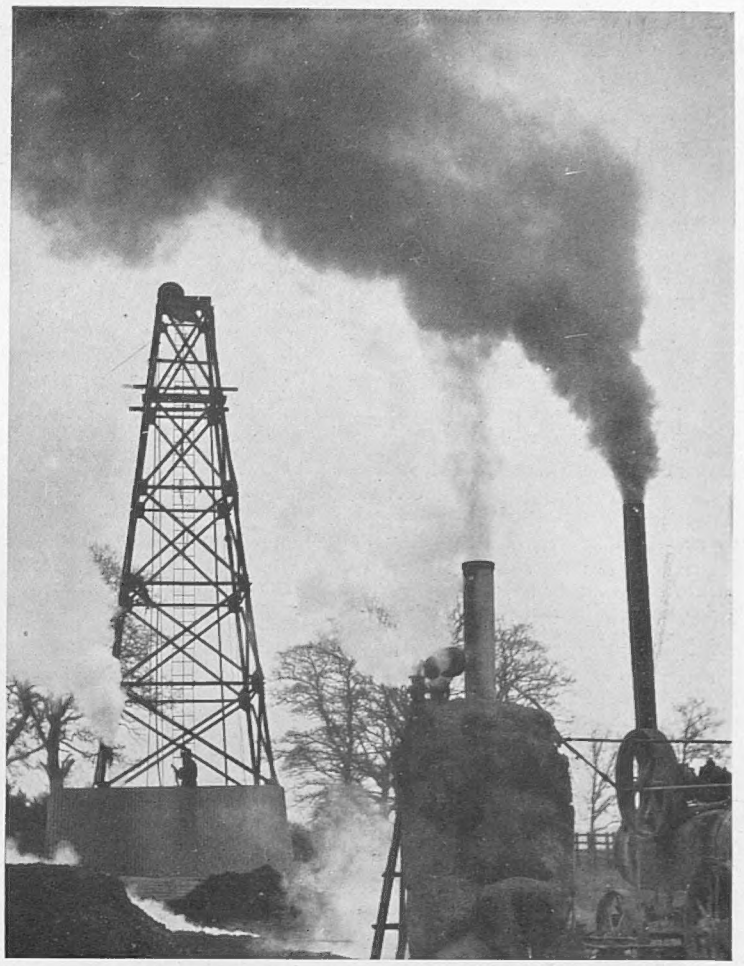
STAVISKY'S BODY EXHUMED: The coffin bearing the body of the dead financier being unloaded at the Gare de Lyon, Paris, after it had been brought from Chamonix. It is hoped that another post-mortem examination will establish definitely the manner in which Stavisky met his death

LORD RUTHERFORD OF NELSON LECTURING TO THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: His subject a ago, was unheard of. In order to demonstrate the uses of this hydrogen, Lord Rutherford audience, was working at the enormous electrical pressure of 100,000 volts. "We shall hear undoubtedly prove of great

OF CURRENT EVENTS

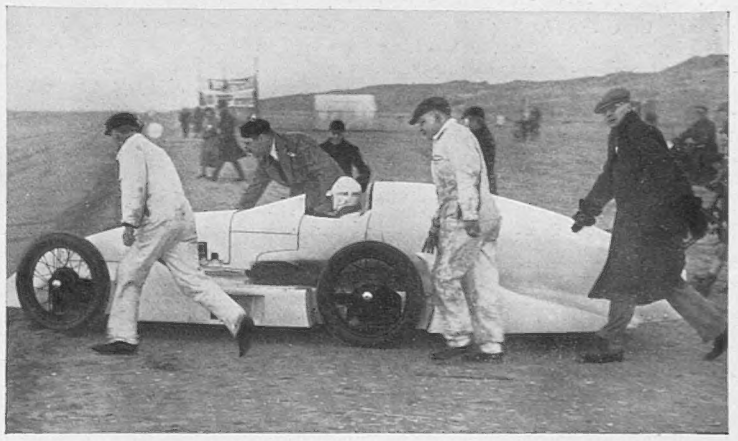


SOME OF THE 120 CREWS WHICH COMPETED IN THE HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE ON THE THAMES LAST SATURDAY: The London Rowing Club were successful for the ninth successive time when they defeated Pembroke College, Cambridge, by 1 sec. Four members of the Pembroke crew rowed in this year's Boat Race

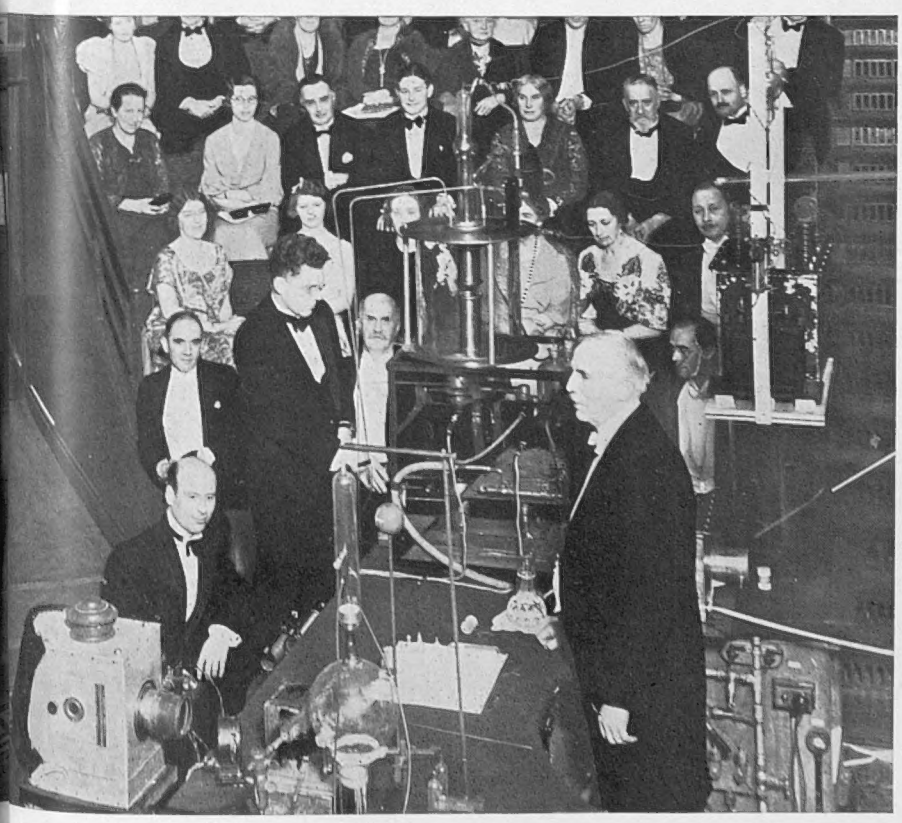


THE SEARCH FOR OIL: Boring operations in progress at Worth, near Crawley, Sussex, which have been going on for the last 2½ years, have resulted in the striking of small quantities of oil

HE LONDON OCCUPATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE FINAL AT WEMBLEY: The Prince of Wales shaking hands with the teams—the Walthamstow Fellowship Club and the Trafalgar Club—before the start of the match. Only men who were unemployed were eligible to play



A RECORD-BREAKING RUN ON SOUTHPORT SANDS: Mr. Pat Driscoll being wheeled out in his Austin before the start of his successful attempt to break the record for 750 cc. cars. He achieved a speed of 122·72 m.p.h.

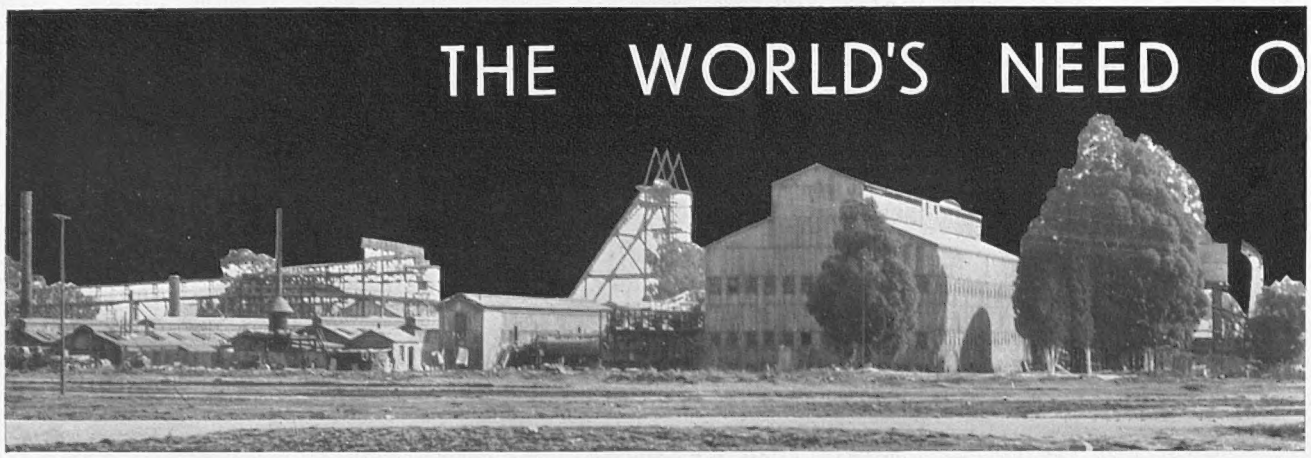


"The Transmutation of Matter" and he dealt particularly with heavy hydrogen which, a year ago, brought a high-tension electric transformer into the lecture theatre and, within a few yards of his great deal about heavy hydrogen in the next year or two," said Lord Rutherford, "and it will ue in physics and chemistry"

THE START OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES WOMEN'S CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP which took place last Saturday at the Bedford College headquarters at Headstone Lane. Miss Lily Styles, the National cross-country champion, was the winner

THE WORLD'S NEED OF GOLD

South Africa the Key to the Situation — A New Gold-Bearing Reef on the Vaal River



ON THE GOLDEN RAND: A typical Johannesburg mine

The discovery of a new gold bearing reef lying partly in the Orange Free State and partly in the Transvaal lends great interest to the following discussion of the possibilities of increasing the world's output of gold—it was written by Mr. Lawton a little prior to the discovery of this African reef. If the reef should prove as rich as it is hoped, its output would greatly ease the gold situation and incidentally improve the financial condition of the Orange Free State.

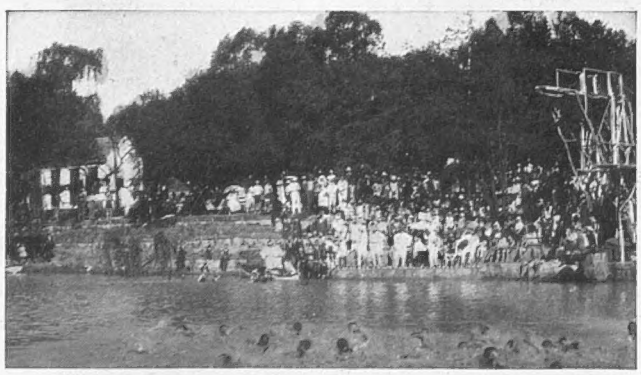
From 1934 the gold question assumes an increasing importance. According to the majority of experts this year is to mark the beginning of a growing insufficiency of gold in the world; they agree that as long as the indispensability of gold as a reserve is believed in, its powers of determining prices, and consequently human well-being, will be considerable.

These authorities, it should be emphasized, do not subscribe to the American contention that shortage actually set in some years ago. Mr. Roosevelt's nearest advisers insist that insufficiency of the precious metal is of long standing. They even say that the American crash of 1929 was proof of the inadequacy of the gold base, and that the fall in world prices was due to gold insufficiency. Whether or not they are right need not be discussed here. The point of immediate interest is that with the advent of the year 1934 many authorities, non-American as well as American, believed that the world's stock of gold was inadequate for a world in a flourishing state.

Writing in 1930 Mr. Joseph Kitchen, whose authority on the statistics of precious metals is unrivalled, considered that failing some new discovery of rich deposits the world's gold output had passed its zenith. He predicted that after 1934 a decline would begin, increasing with time.

Professor Gustav Cassell's views on the subject are well known. In 1930 he foresaw the possibility of gold production amounting to less than half of what is necessary for the maintenance of a stable price level.

In the same year Dr. Feliks Mlynarski, alluding to the prospect of a shortage of gold in the near future, said: "With the diminishing production of gold and the increasing demand for it, the purchasing power of gold must and will increase. That means that in exchange for a unit of any given commodity we shall give fewer and fewer units of gold; or, in everyday language, a decline in prices, because price is the exchange value of goods and services expressed in gold. . . This prospect certainly cannot be viewed by the world without apprehension. . . Changes in social and political life may result. . . The question arises, whether or not the shortage of gold, when it becomes really noticeable, will provoke public intervention? Will the menace of the inadequacy of gold reserves bring about a crisis in the capital system of production?"

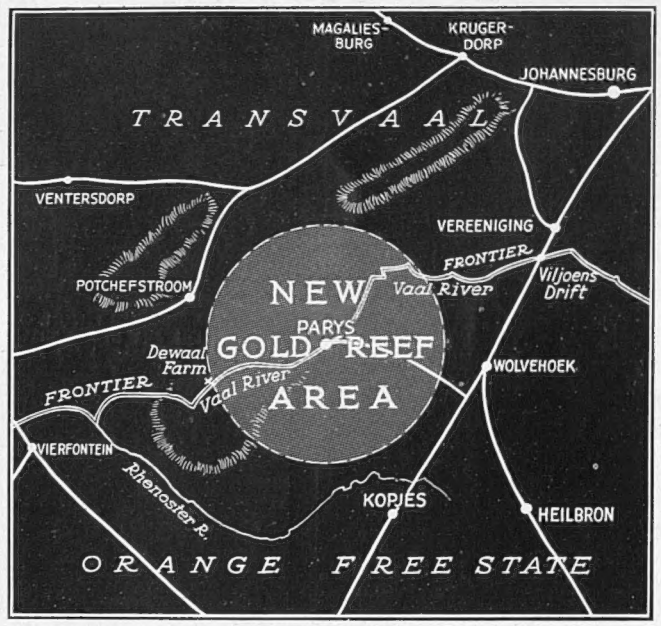


THE VAAL RIVER AT PARYS: This little pleasure resort may become another Johannesburg

In 1930 the Gold Delegation of the League of Nations, which was composed of twelve eminent experts and which consulted the leading authorities of all countries, made an exhaustive examination of the subject. The definite conclusion reached was that only in one eventuality would the supply of new gold for monetary purposes be adequate by 1934; that the nations should require gold reserves of not more than 33 per cent. against notes in circulation and sight liabilities, and that the yearly increase in the production of commodities should be not more than 2 per cent., thus restricting the demand for new gold for monetary purposes to that extent. In present circumstances the first condition cannot possibly be fulfilled. Existing laws and practice provide that on the average a gold reserve of not less than 32 per cent. shall be maintained. In point of fact, more important countries have deemed it necessary to exceed this proportion considerably, while others, from necessity rather than from choice, managed to get along with a much smaller margin.

Nations whose gold reserves happen to be less than 33 per cent. will not be content with this ratio; they will strive to increase their stock, all the more so when they see that the larger nations continue to cherish enormous holdings. On the other hand, neither America nor France, the world's two greatest gold cemeteries, can be expected to facilitate the efflux of gold, for neither believes that the precious metal which she has accumulated is in excess of her own needs. Lastly, it would be depressing if, in the near future, the world's production of commodities generally were to increase only at the rate of 2 per cent. The normal annual rate of growth in the past was not less than 3 per cent. That limit must again be reached, and possibly exceeded, if there is to be a genuine trade revival. But, as we have seen, experts have held that from now on the yearly additions to the stock of monetary gold would not be sufficient to support yearly increases in the production of commodities larger than 2 per cent.

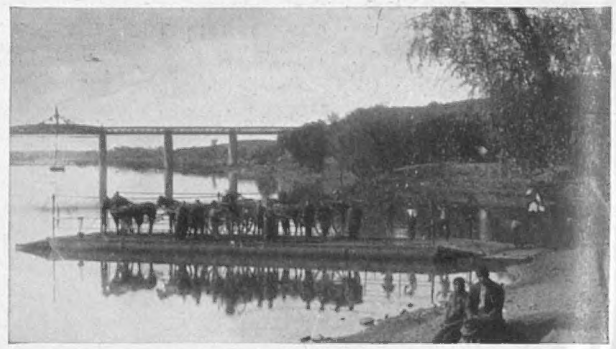
During the nineteenth century rising prices and prosperity followed upon the finding and development of important gold fields. Thus the epoch of falling prices in the first half of this century was brought to an end by the discoveries of gold in California in 1848, and in Australia three years later, and the period known as "The Golden Age of Victorian Prosperity" set in. Then an era of gold shortage began, lasting from 1862 to 1894, which was called "The Great Depression," and which ended in the increase of gold production from the Rand due to the introduction of the cyanide process.



THE NEW GOLD REEF AREA: The reef forms a circle thirty miles in diameter round the town of Parys and, judging from the results of the first assay, there is every hope that it will be possible to produce large quantities of gold on a profitable basis. Parys is about seventy miles south-west of Johannesburg

Some authorities ascribe these relapses and revivals wholly to monetary causes, that is, either to the inadequacy or adequacy of stocks of gold. Others assert that the monetary was but one of a number of causes. But there are few of high repute who do not admit that it was a major cause.

What are the prospects of the discovery of a rich gold field in the near future? No commodity occurring in Nature has been so ardently looked for as gold; the whole world has been diligently searched for it. But wide regions of Australia still remain unexplored; perhaps here a rich field may yet be found. There is also the possibility that valuable deposits may be discovered in Central Asia, the Sudan, or in the territories of the Amazon which have hitherto proved impenetrable because of the hostility of the native tribes and the unbearable heat. It is believed too that some gold may be found in Labrador and North Canada; and moderate deposits exist in Inner Mongolia, but cannot be properly exploited owing to the disturbed condition of the country. Contrary to popular opinion, Russia has already been well prospected for the precious metal, and experts would be surprised if any new deposits of importance were discovered there.



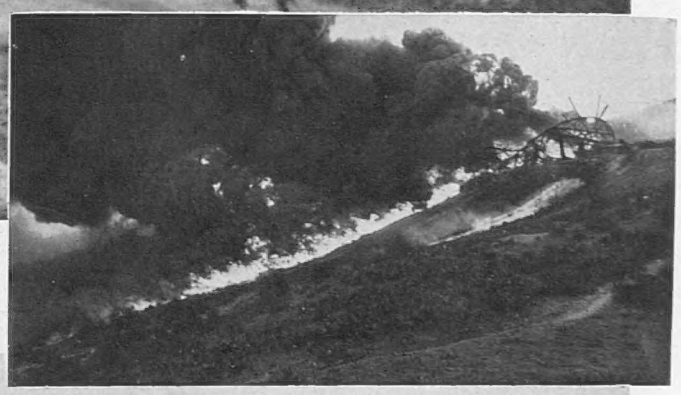
A FORD ON THE VAAL RIVER NEAR PARYS: It is in this vicinity that the new gold-bearing reef has been found

What the world needs to-day is not average gold discoveries but one of magnitude, another Rand. During the last few years producing countries whose currencies had depreciated received more for their gold in terms of those currencies than formerly, while working costs were not affected to anything like a corresponding extent. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact, illustrative of the power of gold over the minds of men that, at a time when several of the leading nations are no longer on the gold standard, the demand for the metal should have been so keen that frequently it commanded a high premium on the London market. Institutions and individuals who wish to store up values prefer to hold them in the form of gold rather than depreciating paper money, or paper money for which they cannot readily obtain gold. Hence the search for gold throughout the world is being intensified, and it has become profitable to work low-grade ores which were of no account before, the result being that the lives of many mines may be considerably lengthened.

South Africa is the key to the situation, for the mines in that country account for over half of the present annual output of gold. According to recognized experts hundreds of millions of tons of ore exist on the Witwatersrand and, provided sufficient capital were available and it were profitable to do so, output from this source could be increased indefinitely. But production is limited not by the amount of mineral in existence but by the possibility of working ore at a profit. It so happens at present, owing largely to the premium on gold, due to the disarrangement of currencies, much ore can be worked, which otherwise could not have been profitably exploited. But present conditions are

(Continued on p. 494)

FRANCE DISCOVERS OIL IN MOROCCO



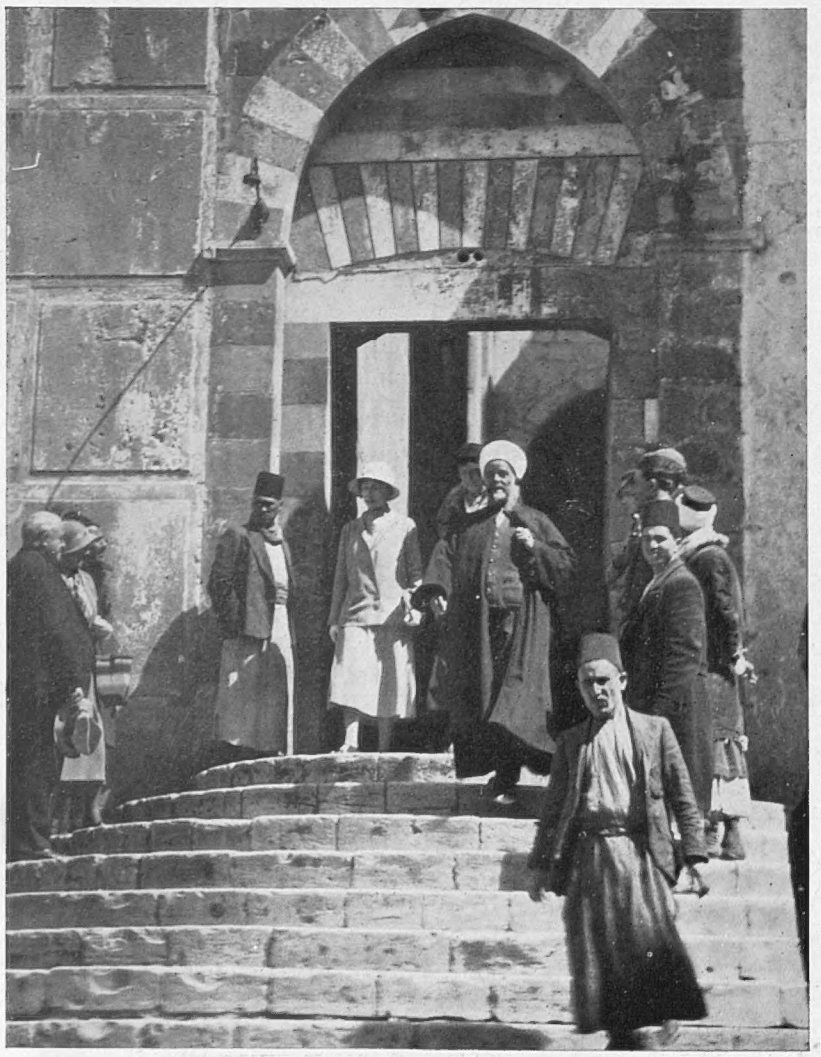
WEALTH GOING TO WASTE: For six years an army of prospectors has been searching for oil in Morocco, and now at last it has been found in the vicinity of Mount Tselfat. After boring operations were completed, however, the oil spouted at such an enormous velocity that it severed some high-tension cables and a fire broke out which burnt up the precious liquid at the rate of 1,800,000 gallons a day. This picture shows the smoke from the burning oil pouring high into the air. *Right*—A view of the wrecked gear above the well

AFTER SIX DAYS: Firemen from Fort Lyautey aided by soldiers of the Foreign Legion fought desperately to extinguish the flames, but with little success. The loss of this oil is not so serious as it seems as, according to engineers on the spot, the fields extend for several miles. This is the first oil discovered in French territory, and it is possible that France will eventually become independent of foreign producers

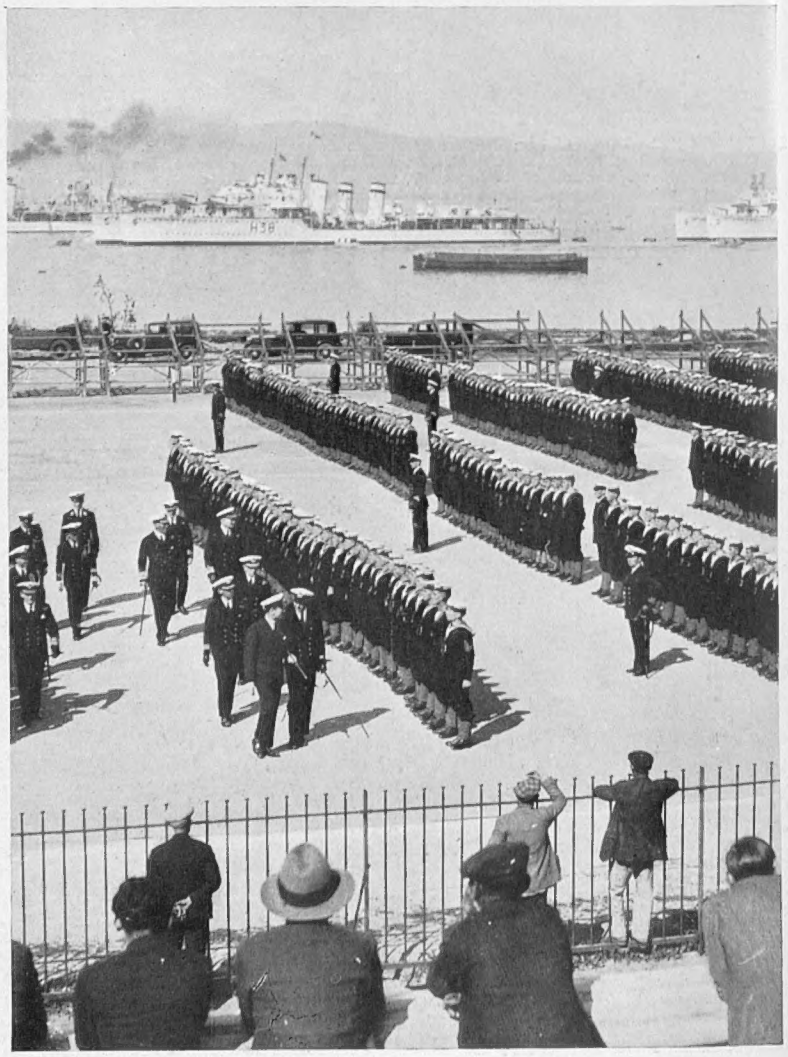
ROYALTY on TOUR

PRINCE GEORGE IN DURBAN: His Royal Highness going the rounds of the native section in the Durban Hospital. He received a tremendous ovation when he arrived in the city from Pietermaritzburg

IN THE CAPITAL: Prince George receiving a gift from Sobhuza II, the paramount chief of Swaziland, during his visit to Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa. The Prince has spent this week in Rhodesia



ON HOLIDAY IN PALESTINE: Princess Mary at the entrance to the mosque at the cave of Macpelah in Hebron. She has been spending a holiday in the Holy Land with her husband, the Earl of Harewood



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY VISITS THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS AT GIBRALTAR: The scene during Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell's inspection. *(A series of naval pictures will appear in next week's issue)*

TOKYO AND HSINKING:

News from Two Capitals of the Far East

HUMAN BULLETS: The scene at the unveiling of the memorial at the Seishoji Temple, Tokyo, to the three Japanese soldiers who, during the Sino-Japanese hostilities of 1932, voluntarily went to their deaths by charging with a lighted tube of explosives against Chinese barbed wire entanglements. *Right*—STILT DANCERS IN THE STREETS OF HSINKING taking part in the celebrations which followed the enthronement of Pu Yi as Emperor of Manchukuo

IN THE MANCHUKUAN CAPITAL: Troops marching through Hsinking during the celebration of Manchukuo's first national holiday. On this day the new Emperor, who now bears the name Kang Te made his first public appearance since his enthronement. He was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by the populace which paraded through the streets in national costume and carrying gaudily-painted dragons

WHERE DUELLING SURVIVES

At Least Sixty Affairs of Honour Decided Secretly in France Each Year

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

UPHOLDING THEIR OPINIONS AT THE POINT OF THE SWORD: The duel, which took place in 1901, between M. Max Regis, the anti-Semitic Mayor of Algiers, and M. Laberdesque, founder of the newspaper, *Revanche du Peuple*. Regis was beaten

More insults of a grave and personal character have been flying round Paris of late than at any time since the lid blew off forty years ago between Dreyfusards and anti-Semites, Republicans and Royalists, when military officers, politicians, publicists, aristocrats, became lost in a contagion of pistol and sabre combat that sometimes attained an average of a duel a day. But whereas in the 'nineties a constant succession of personages drove out in closed carriages to Vincennes or St. Cloud, to wound or not to wound and sometimes to kill, the chronicles of the town benefiting accordingly—for consider some of the names: Clemenceau, Rochefort, Déroulède, Briand, Poincaré, Barthou, Daudet, Caillaux, Hervieu, Barrès, Bernstein, De Noailles, some of them treading the sward several times over—one solitary encounter has been notified so far in *l'affaire Stavisky* which nevertheless has divided the country every bit as much as did the pushful young Jewish staff officer, to-day a pensioned invalid living alone in Montmartre. Nor was this isolated meeting of the time quite so good, for each of the principals, an ex-Under Secretary and a barrister, had to be told how to hold the pistol and pull the trigger. Shades of past artistry, of the virile "Tiger," of the dead-shot Rochefort! However, our 1934 couple had one advantage. They could point to snapshots in the Press of puffing pistols (I'm not sure there isn't a film too) as an earnest of business.

Rumours of hush-hush encounters have been circulating, but always they are denied next day, and so it was in a spirit of disinterment and cataloguing of the past, much on the assumption that the traditional French manner of protecting honour had gone the headlong way of so much else, that I set out to see the one man who could advise me in the matter, Maître Joseph-Renaud, noted duellist himself, for long fencing champion of France, and referee in most encounters that have supervened in the past score years. The Master, handsome and debonair, lives high above the Porte Dauphine in a sort of social eyrie, an old apartment-house that refuses to be pulled down, and on the way thither I sought to make duelling history live slightly by taking in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*.

My notes now tell me that the heyday of "duel by combat" was from François Premier to Henri IV and that in the latter's reign as many as 4,000 were slain in one year, including a whole host of seconds who until a century ago fought too, with their opposite numbers. One then enjoyed the courtesy of offering one's life to one's opponent—although there were occasional slip-ups, as when one gallant was found to have donned a flesh-coloured cuirass and was immediately invited to shuffle off this coil for having dishonoured his Sovereign.

Encounters occurred under six heads: among leaders of State, affairs of men and women, for one's country, on points of honour and pride, political meetings, finally, provoked by vanity or passion. The two oddest duels ended fatally. In 1808 two gentlemen named Grandprée and le Pique had words over a dancing belle named Mlle Tirevit, and, the Montgolfier brothers having latterly put the balloon on the front page, agreed to fight it out above the Tuileries Gardens. Pistols of that epoch wouldn't have been any use so blunderbuses were taken aloft and 800 yards up *feu*! was signalled. And *feu* it was, poor le Pique (and his second) crashing in flames on the rooftops while his rival sailed away triumphant, not to come down until 20 miles had been traversed. The second affair was even more dramatic and occurred in 1843. A brace of billiards enthusiasts, MM. Lenfant and Mellant, fell out at Maisonforts in the Vosges and drew lots as to who should hurl the red at the other first. Mellant won and threw with such accuracy that he hit Lenfant plumb on the forehead, killing him stone dead. Then there was the recurrent duel between Captains Fournier and Dupont which lasted nineteen years, and had origin in a scene at a ball given by Moreau in 1813. Each was an expert swordsman and it was draw after draw. It became the practice for the two to meet whenever they approached within 100 miles of each other, each covering half the distance. "My dear friend," one would write, "here I am and let us hope there may be opportunity to get in a mutual thrust or two." They carried on until each had been promoted General and then at last, in Switzerland, Fournier got Dupont blade to throat; and shook hands heartily instead. Of different texture was the horrid affair between Colonel Dufeix and Captain Raoul, in 1814. The former, Bonapartist and looking for trouble, stepped on and then slapped Raoul, who did all he could to temporize but to no avail. The colonel wanted Royalist blood. The conditions were that they should be bound breast to breast with one arm, holding a dagger, free, and driven round and round the Place du Carrousel in a coach by their seconds. The innocent Raoul was removed fearfully stabbed.

I like particularly what the Comtesse de Polignac said to the Marquise de Nesle (Richelieu had thoughtlessly or on purpose convened each lady in rendezvous at the same o'clock). "Don't think I'm going to miss *you!* Fire first!" The Marquise duly took aim and missed, and then the Comtesse, who was expert, carefully shot off one of her fascinating rival's ears. French amazons not infrequently fought duels, even as late as over the Divine Sarah, and one young Mlle Rausette went the length of training for, and killing a guardsman who had loved her but too well. Again, the encounter between Mlles Theodore and Julie, in the Bois, must have been worth seeing because the two, who were dancers at the Opéra, went on firing at each other—despite efforts to stop them.

Fatal duels of more recent history (victims in italics) included: *Prince of Orleans* and Duc de Turin, over an Abyssinian exploring dispute; *Prince Ghika* and Count Soutzo, over Princess Ghika; *Prince Thurn and Taxis* and an Austrian officer; the *Duc de Montpensier* and Infante de Bourbon, both affairs of honour; Prince Pierre Bonaparte and the Jewish writer, *Grousset*, which led to the historic shooting of Victor Noir. French duellists are now tried for murder if they kill, as was emphasized after the Marquis de Morés quickly killed the expert swordsman, Captain Mayer, over a religious matter. The victor was acquitted, as also was our last officially known slayer, the Earl of Cardigan, who was tried by his peers in 1840 in connection with the death of Captain Tuckett. (Although "Calais Sands" lingered on some years, duelling was on the way to being stamped out in England after George III, in whose reign 172 duels were fought, leading to sixty-nine deaths and to two executions.)

Thus fortified, I rang at the eyrie, forthwith asked M. Joseph-Renaud whether duels were a thing of the past, and received the reply that between five and six were fought a month "somewhere in France," and that far from the habit having declined (sixty duels a year, maybe), it had merely become shielded from the vulgar (and police) gaze. "Sometimes you will see a notice in the fashionable columns that the family of so-and-so regrets to announce an accident, perhaps even an accidental death. In France there is what is called the *Médecin des Morts*, who always has to be summoned, and—well, it is possible for a deceptive *mise en scène* to be arranged, even for the doctor to turn a blind eye. For example, a fall on a paper-cutter can easily resemble in its consequences the piercing of a blade, even the clean perforation of a bullet.

"These affairs are nearly all private ones of honour and take place in secluded grounds. Unlike some others, their principals do not want anything said, whatever the result. The offended one has choice of arms and usually the meeting is next day. The referee, two doctors, and four seconds complete the party, though close at hand will be a camouflaged ambulance. Also the doctors have previously arranged with a surgeon in a nursing home in case of grave happenings. It is for the doctor to calm his client, to see he fulfils certain functions, and to keep his own bandages out of sight! Seconds are engaged with the weapons which, if swords, require to be passed through a flame heated to 160 degs., and to be repassed each time they touch the earth subsequently. The chief danger is from poison and some combatants now wear sterilized clothing in addition to taking a bath and alcohol friction just before setting out."

Maître Joseph-Renaud is little else than the ultimate arbiter of all current duelling in France. Direct to him come seconds and necessary arrangements are speedily made. And if, officially, this super-referee knows naught of causes, it is easily apparent that he cannot escape being the custodian of some pretty secrets.

People seem to be interested in cost nowadays. Well, I reckoned that one of these posh-cum-hush encounters should absorb £200 included in which may figure a pre-visit to a legendary establishment in the rue Victor Emmanuel III. Gastinne-Renette's has served as practice range since the Second Empire. Iron men face you at the regulation 25 metres and shots—where they hit—are registered electrically beside you. I was made to stand sideways, to slim up on the skyline, as it were; and then the loader, who looked ominously like an executioner in his black blouse and skull-cap, did some ramrod work with powder and ball and told me to hold the pistol so that its butt touched my (advanced) right leg.

"Now! I shall cry *feu* and then count three. You must not fire before 'three' or you will have transgressed the code, in which case, did you harm an adversary, his seconds could have the option of dealing with you." (On top of the bullet-scarred Robot and the executioner this last bit must have torn things because when *feu*! came some wood flew up in the air—nothing at all to do with the iron Monsieur.)

"All wrong! Sight your weapon at the ground as you cock it, then get an eye-line on your opponent so that when you raise your arm quickly your pistol will be in a direct line and you will not jerk or wobble it to get the correct aim. So!" (And Monsieur Robot proceeded to get it in the heart.)

Quite a clientèle other than intending duellists, I should add, visit Gastinne-Renette's. Right in the dress zone, it is especially handy for lovelies; in fact, has before now been referred to as "the modern preparation for matrimony."

To return to the Master (speaking): "You have the wrong idea in inquiring after fatal duels. Some of the worst encounters are not fatal. I refereed Léon Blum v. Pierre Véber in the Parc des Princes and they came within a millimetre of killing each other half-a-dozen times during the eight three-minute rounds that the combat lasted—until Véber received the blade in the chest. Or take the very hard duel that I also presided over between the two champions, Gaudin and Massard. The referee's job is particularly to see that duels are stopped at the right moment because it happens that dangerous wounds sometimes look mere skin punctures. There was the fatal result when a gentleman of Toulouse, named Eblot, was killed by Eugène Lautier.

"But I confess that the tendency is most often of repressed laughter. At least, that is so with the deputies who pull blindly. Sportsmen fire straight. But take the ludicrous figure of a fat man, short of breath and facing a long, lean one. Once I cried, 'Go on, gentlemen!' to such a pair who were lagging, and what do you think . . . each got sick! I said, 'halt!' at once, but after that they were so ashamed they fought like demons, inflicting five and four wounds. I had to pull them apart.

"As for 'the police thrust' that is the comedy, invention. You do not know it? Why, one adversary cries out, 'look, they are coming!' and then strikes home.

Duels, then, are not a chapter of the past in France since here is someone, who cannot be more than fifty, yet who has presided at 200 of them, presumably mostly since the War. What has happened is that the swashbuckling characters thrown up by Stavisky cases have said farewell to arms because the *sans résultat* encounters of a previous vintage were allowed to mount so high, bringing ridicule on their principals. Secret and severe duels between *les gentlemen*, on the other hand, show no falling-off. Rather are they increasing in a land that hardly knows reparational damages, and where publicity is not yet chased after in certain strata.

PERSONALITIES AT THE STAVISKY COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

GUARDING THE EVIDENCE: To avoid the loss of further documents relating to the Stavisky case a police guard has been kept on night watch at the Palais de Justice at Bayonne

M. ORDONNEAU (right), the judge who is conducting the inquiry into the Stavisky frauds

TWO WITNESSES: *Left*—M. Turbat, Mayor of Orléans. *Right*—M. George Grilhe, director of the newspaper *La Tribune de Paris*

AWAITING EXAMINATION: M. Samuel Maingourd, director of the Crédit Municipal at Orléans, and his colleague, M. Sarault, who have been arrested on charges of abetting fraud and of receiving

THE INQUIRY TRANSFERRED FROM BAYONNE: The police car, containing eight of the men arrested in connection with the Stavisky frauds, arriving in Paris, where the inquiry into the case is now being completed. The party had a stormy reception from a hostile crowd, but fortunately the police were present in sufficient numbers to keep order among the would-be rioters

A SINISTER FIGURE: M. Henri Voix, who is alleged to have been in the villa at Chamonix at the time of Stavisky's death, waiting to be interviewed by M. Ordonneau. Renewed doubts about the manner in which Stavisky met his death have been aroused by the private exhibition of a film taken while the swindler was lying mortally wounded on the floor of his villa

A REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF THE GREATEST WORKS OF PHIDIAS: Three views of the statuette of an Amazon which has recently been discovered and acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. There are supposed to be four distinct types of Amazon on foot, corresponding to the four statues made by Polycleitus, Phidias, Cresilas, and Phradmon in competition for the Temple of Ephesus. The types have been difficult to identify because of their great similarity, but there appears to be overwhelming evidence that the figure shown here, every line of which expresses movement, is a copy of the work of Phidias. It should therefore prove of the utmost value to students of Greek art

The ART of GREECE and ROME

Some Recent Important Discoveries

A VALUABLE STATUE MENACED: This bronze figure of the fourth century B.C., which was found in the Bay of Marathon about eight years ago, is one of the greatest treasures in the Central Archæological Museum at Athens. Unfortunately a recent inspection revealed that the statue was being damaged by impurities in the air probably emanating from the factories of Athens. Experts at once met and decided to place the figure in an air-tight glass case which would preserve it from further deterioration

RE-ERECTED ON THE SPOT WHERE IT WAS UNEARTHED: A broken statue of the second century B.C. found during excavations in the Via Flaminia, Rome

DATING FROM THE GREATEST PERIOD OF GREEK ART: A statue of the fifth century B.C. discovered during the excavations at the Agora (market hall) in Athens. It is contemporary with the work of Phidias and Polycleitus

AIR NEWS

AMERICA'S NEW POSTMEN: As a result of President Roosevelt's cancellation of all air mail contracts held by commercial lines, the mails are now being handled by United States Army flyers. Sergeant Paul Gibson and Lieutenant Don Wackwitz are seen here making their first delivery of letters at Newark, New Jersey. Owing to the number of casualties the service has been restricted to the minimum

THE AIR MAIL DIFFICULTY IN THE U.S.A.: Every officer at March Field Army Air Corps Base, Southern California, was placed under orders to carry air mails for the United States Government. These men are loading their personal belongings on board a transport 'plane, preparatory to their departure for Salt Lake City, Utah, where the headquarters of the Western Division of the Army Air Mail have been established

AEROPLANES FOR ALL: A monoplane designed by Jean van Lith and a biplane designed by Pierre Mandelli, both of which can now be bought in France for about £170. They are capable of a maximum speed of over 90 m.p.h.

BUYING BRITISH: The eight de Havilland 'planes which have been bought by the Danish Government, being inspected at Hatfield Aerodrome by the pilots of the Danish Air Force who have been sent over here to fly them over to Copenhagen. They were due to leave this week

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL AEROPLANE CONSTRUCTED IN BRITAIN TO EXCEED A SPEED OF 200 M.P.H.: The single-seater low-wing monoplane designed by Mr. E. Percival for high-speed touring or mail carrying. It has a range of 600 miles, and is particularly interesting on account of the central position of the cockpit

RIDING ON MULE-BACK TO THE SKI-ING SLOPES: A typical Sunday morning scene when members of the Ski Club de Chile go out to enjoy their favourite sport

ON THE SKI-ING SLOPES OF THE CERRO COLORADO: In the morning and evening it is intensely cold here, but at mid-day the sun is scorching

A CHAMPIONSHIP RACE: Competitors nearing a steep slope before the start

SKI-ING IN THE ANDES

At a Height of 7,000 ft.

Until 1931 ski-ing was unknown in Chile, although some adventurous foreigners had been known to cross the Andes from the Argentine to Chile in mid-winter on occasions when the Transandine Railway was snowbound. Ski-ing in Chile was always connected with the feat of a Swiss who journeyed by himself several times from the Argentine to Chile carrying important mail at a time when the railway was blocked for months owing to exceptionally heavy snow falls. On one occasion he made a spectacular jump, in descending the Chilean side with a heavy load of mail, which carried him right over Juncal station. In return for his services he was given a free pass on the railway for the rest of his life.

In 1931 a few enthusiasts joined and founded the "Ski Club de Chile." It was formed of foreigners mostly, but in less than two years its membership had reached 100, at which number the list has been closed because there was no accommodation for more than this number. To-day the club has among its members men and women of thirteen different nationalities. When the Ski Club de Chile closed its membership list two other clubs were formed: the Deutsche Ausflug Verein, which is affiliated to the well-known European club of the same name, and the Club Andino. Considerable enthusiasm exists among the Chileans, and last year ski-ing was the fashionable sport. During the September holidays, when there were three public holidays to celebrate the anniversary of Chilean independence, a National Ski-ing Championship was held in which the two clubs, Ski Club de Chile and the Deutsche Ausflug Verein, competed.

The city of Santiago is situated within three hours of the snow line in winter, and one can make the trip in one day, leaving the city in the early morning and returning in time for dinner. In the winter the members of the club go ski-ing almost every week-end. They leave on the Saturday afternoon and return in the evening of the following day. Those who leave on the Saturday sleep the night in a tent pitched on, or on the edge of, the snow, or, if the weather is not favourable, in a hut situated about one-and-a-half hours from the ski-ing slope. The first part of the journey is made by car, and from Corral Quemado, where the road ends, on mules. Some of the peasants at this point make a good living from the hire of these. Occasionally as many as seventy or eighty mules may be seen climbing the stiff gradient from Corral Quemado to a point called Portillos, where the ski-ing slopes commence and which is over 6,500 ft. above sea-level.

The snow conditions of the Andes are different from those of Switzerland owing to the variation in climate. In the Andes the heat at midday, even in winter, is often considerable, and burns the skin violently if it is not duly protected with the appropriate grease or face cream. In the morning, the evening, and at night the cold is intense, and therefore the snow is wet and somewhat sticky at noon, and icy hard at night and in the early morning.

It is difficult to imagine a better way of spending a week-end than ski-ing on these slopes of the Cerro Colorado, 7,000 ft. above sea-level. The weather is excellent on four Sundays out of five, and the sport, even if somewhat strenuous on account of the height, is amongst the best in the world. There is a spirit of fun and camaraderie almost unequalled among the members of the club, who are nearly all friends in Santiago and in walks of life other than ski-ing. The scenery is the finest type of Andean ruggedness and vastness. The view of the city of Santiago, nestling in the broad and fertile central valley of Chile and about 6,500 ft. below, must be almost unique. The weather is generally so warm that many go about naked from the waist upwards and acquire a magnificent tan. Care has to be taken, however, to use protective cream and avoid an excessive sunburn.

By no means the least interesting part of these trips is the mule ride. These mules are magnificent animals, very strong and sure-footed, and the descent generally develops into a madcap race as to who will arrive first at the waiting cars.

More enthusiasm is to be noted every year in Chile, and in a few more years there will be good roads and maybe a railway to the ski-ing slopes, and small hotels. Chile may well become the Switzerland of South America.

R. J. E.

Left—7,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA: A week-end camp of the Ski Club de Chile. *Right*—Fastening skis on to a pack mule for transportation to the ski-ing slopes of the Cerro Colorado

OPEN-AIR ACTIVITIES

SHORTS FOR THE COURTS: In spite of criticisms from some directions, shorts appear to be becoming increasingly popular among women players. The Prince of Wales has stated that he regards them as quite the most practical attire for the game. *Right*—WHAT WOULD SIR WALTER GILBEY SAY? Lady Blandford in the somewhat unconventional attire in which she attended a recent meet of the Quorn

READY, STEADY, GO! Members of the Polytechnic Ladies' Harriers practising starts for sprint races in their gymnasium in order to be ready for the opening of the track season

"ALONE WITH NATURE AND MY FRIENDS": A charming picture taken in the woodlands at Upshire, near Waltham Cross

LADIES OF THE SAWDUST RING who are now rehearsing for the Blackpool Circus, which will shortly open for the season. It is one of the largest circuses in the country and is extremely popular with visitors to the famous Lancashire resort

WING-COMMANDER SIR LOUIS GREIG RIDING WITH HIS CHILDREN: His daughter Jean, who is seen immediately behind him, is mounted on Ballyhanwood, a well-known steeplechaser which ran in four Grand Nationals

THE UNCROWNED KING OF MACEDONIA

Vantché Mihailoff—The Man Who has it Within His Power to Choose Between Peace and War in the Balkans

By J. SWIRE

(Member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and Author of "Albania: the Rise of a Kingdom")

In the trim little town of Gorna Djoumaja, the capital of Bulgarian Macedonia, there was recently unveiled a memorial to those Macedonian tchetniks (or comitadjis) who have given their lives in the struggle for Macedonian independence. The hills about the town re-echoed the stirring strains of the Macedonian revolutionary hymn, and thousands of Macedonians who attended the ceremony were inspired, by a remembrance of so much gallant sacrifice, to continue the struggle for the freedom of Macedonia.

The memorial, erected beside the market-place, is a square pillar supporting the stone figure of a tchetnik in his revolutionary uniform, with his rifle across his knee. At the foot of the pillar is a tablet upon which are the words: "To the Macedonian tchetnik . . . From those who respect thy memory and follow thy path."

The day chosen for the unveiling ceremonial was August 2, known as "Ilinden," the Day of St. Elias, the thirtieth anniversary of the famous Ilinden rising of Macedonians against the Turks. That rising was organized by the powerful and world-famous Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, or I.M.R.O., an organization founded exactly forty years ago with the independence of Macedonia as its aim. It maintained its own police, held its own tribunals, assessed and collected contributions, and otherwise exercised an *imperium in imperio* throughout Macedonia, which was divided into zones, each zone with an administrative committee. It was the terror of the Turks, and often a source of embarrassment to the Bulgarian Principality upon whose territory it found so much sympathy and support—for the Bulgarians claim that the Macedonians are Bulgarians, nor can any observer deny that, in fact, they are of preponderantly Bulgarian stock.

It was a gallant struggle which the tchetniks of the I.M.R.O. waged, preparing the way for the Balkan wars which swept the Turks from Europe; but as the outcome of these wars the Macedonians passed from one bondage to another. So they drew Bulgaria into the World War upon the side of the Central Powers to fight their Serbian oppressors; and a Macedonian division under General Protogueroff held the heights east of Lake Doiran against the British.

ONE OF VANTCHÉ MIHAILOFF'S OFFICERS: The passionate ideal of Mihailoff's men is to liberate Macedonia from oppression

The Peace Treaties dealt another blow to Macedonian hopes, for "self-determination" was not applied to their country. The greater part of Macedonia remained under Greece and Yugoslavia. So the I.M.R.O. was re-formed by Todor Alexandroff, that great Macedonian hero whose portrait hangs in every Macedonian house, café, or restaurant throughout Bulgaria—either alone or beside that of King Boris.

But with the re-formation of the I.M.R.O. there reappeared that divergence of aims between Macedonian and Bulgarian nationalists which had developed since 1895. Bulgarian nationalists, with the army behind them, still dream of a Great Bulgaria which will include Macedonia, and many Macedonians, established in Bulgaria, share this dream: whereas the view of the Macedonian nationalists, which was officially reaffirmed in a Grand Congress at Gorna Djoumaja last February, is that there never will be peace in the Balkans till their country is entirely independent. Both elements agree upon any policy which keeps alive the revolutionary spirit in Macedonia, but they disagree over Macedonia's ultimate fate. Many Bulgarians, perhaps the majority, war-weary and poverty-stricken, although sympathizing with the Macedonian nationalists, would gladly hear the last of Macedonia; and there are thousands of Macedonians who, preferring peace to nationalism and believing revolutionary action futile, would submit (anyhow temporarily) to the present partition of their country provided full Minority Rights (as defined by the Peace Treaties) are granted to the inhabitants. But Yugoslavia refuses to recognize the Macedonians as a minority, believing that such recognition would merely facilitate propaganda in favour of Macedonian independence or annexation to Bulgaria. So the I.M.R.O. concentrates all its efforts against Yugoslavia, with the full though unofficial support of the "legal" Central Committee in Sofia of the Macedonian Emigrants' organizations in Bulgaria.

Added to all these complications there is Communism, which is opposed to Macedonian nationalism and in favour of a South Slav union of Soviet Republics.

These conflicting views led to disputes within the revolutionary ranks culminating in the assassination of Todor Alexandroff in 1924. The I.M.R.O. was now split, those resolved to win Macedonian independence following Vantché (or Ivan) Mihailoff, while those who were prepared for compromise supported General Protogueroff, Alexandroff's collaborator. Some say Protogueroff was sold to the Bulgarian annexionists, some to the Serbs, and others that he was negotiating with the Communists. Meantime, nobody knew, at first, who had killed Alexandroff; but at last the word went round that Protogueroff was responsible, and in July, 1928, he was shot down in Sofia by order of Mihailoff. This led to a feud which has continued until the present time and has caused, during the last few months, almost daily assassinations in the streets of Sofia; but the majority of those killed were Protogueroffists, or Communists accused of supporting the Protogueroffists.

Mihailoff, who relied upon Italy for support, soon succeeded in establishing his supremacy over the I.M.R.O. and the "legal" Macedonian organizations in Bulgaria; but the Protogueroffists, whom the Mihailoffists accuse of having obtained active support from Francophile Bulgarian political circles, from the Communists, and even from Belgrade, and who still claim to be the true I.M.R.O. though they dare not enter Bulgarian Macedonia, continued the struggle in, so they declared, self-defence. Sofia became a town of gunmen and furtive glances and whispers—no man of consequence stirred without several armed guards at his heels. The Mihailoffists, exasperated, threatened the lives of Bulgarian Cabinet Ministers if the Protogueroffists were not suppressed; and there were whispers of a massacre of these "traitors" upon St. Bartholomew's Eve lines. At last matters got so bad that the Government, hitherto passive for tortuous political reasons, was forced by public opinion to introduce drastic legislation to deal with the assassins; and on Sunday, June 25, Sofiotes awoke to find the capital under a state of siege, the streets patrolled by troops, and nobody allowed to leave their houses until a close search for arms and suspected gunmen had been completed. The results were disappointing. Many arms were seized, but no assassins of consequence. It was a demonstration to conciliate the public. But some days later several leading Protogueroffists were arrested and interned. Meantime, a truce has been concluded between the two sides, though the Protogueroffists refuse to submit to the dictates of the Mihailoffists, who demand complete submission. Nobody knows how long the truce will last.

It is often said beyond the Bulgarian borders that the I.M.R.O. has degenerated into a small band of common murderers who terrorize the 600,000 Macedonians in Bulgaria, and that Vantché Mihailoff is a bandit chief. The Sofia assassinations are said to prove it and books have been written to support the idea. That is propaganda by those who fear the I.M.R.O.; and it ignores the facts. One may disagree with the method, but no full-blooded man can fail to be moved by the self-sacrifice and courage involved. Nor is it only men who sacrifice themselves. There was, for example, Mara Buneva, a girl happily married to a Bulgarian officer, who sacrificed her home and life for the cause, went from the safety of Sofia to Skoplje in Yugoslavia, shot dead a Serbian enemy of her country, then shot herself to escape arrest. Mentché Karnitcheva, who afterwards married Vantché Mihailoff, is another example. In Vienna she shot dead Panitza, a traitor to the I.M.R.O.; and she was acquitted by the Austrian court because she had acted for patriotic motives.

I have sensed the enthusiasm which prompts these deeds—it is an enthusiasm which has compelled the Yugoslavs to construct, along the whole of their frontier with Bulgaria, such defences as may be seen upon no other frontier in the world. I have seen that frontier at many points. Every half-mile, or less, the Yugoslavs have erected concrete blockhouses and observation towers, and between them there is an unbroken line of barbed wire entanglements, thorn and wire fences, and "bear pits" with spiked stakes in them. Every 100 yards are observation pits which are manned at night by men with dogs. All this is in the first line. There are three other lines of defence. On the Bulgarian side there is nothing beyond an occasional frontier post—a simple stone building, and to every Bulgarian post there are quite twelve Yugoslav blockhouses.

Would these defences be necessary against a small band of common murderers?

The fact is that the I.M.R.O., though crippled by its feud, remains the most powerful revolutionary organization in the world, and it is ruled by a committee of three, of whom Mihailoff, the "Uncrowned King of Macedonia" as he is sometimes called, is the chief. It is impossible to say how many men he controls upon Bulgarian soil. Some say 10,000—they are peaceful citizens until ordered to act; but once ordered, they must obey or die, for they swear allegiance—under that condition—upon Bible and revolver. There is iron discipline throughout Bulgarian Macedonia, the headquarters of the I.M.R.O. Theft is drastically punished. The revolutionaries collect their own taxes, nor can any official be appointed by the Bulgarian Government without their approval; and though Bulgarian Macedonia has been under Bulgarian martial law since 1925, this is merely a cloak, for the revolutionaries enjoy, not unnaturally, the full benevolence of the military (and heaven help any officer who withholds his benevolence). These facts, and equally the fact that revolutionary bands cross into Yugoslavia, are consistently denied by the Bulgarian Government as a matter of political form, but the facts remain common knowledge. Can the Bulgarian Government change them? Can it crush an ideal?

And Mihailoff? Born at Novo Selo, near Shtip, in 1893, he was educated at Salonika, and in 1918 entered Sofia University to study law. But in 1920 he joined the I.M.R.O. Few foreigners have seen him, for treachery is feared and vital secrets might be betrayed; but one knows that he is tall and thin, fair, and almost bald. But it is not his appearance which matters, for he embodies, to his followers, the Macedonian cause. In that respect he is more than a leader. He embodies an ideal. He embodies the spirit of Macedonian freedom. When in 1928 his father and brother were killed in Serbia he is said to have looked upon the affair as just another sacrifice for the Macedonian cause. For that cause he has chosen the way of an outlaw.

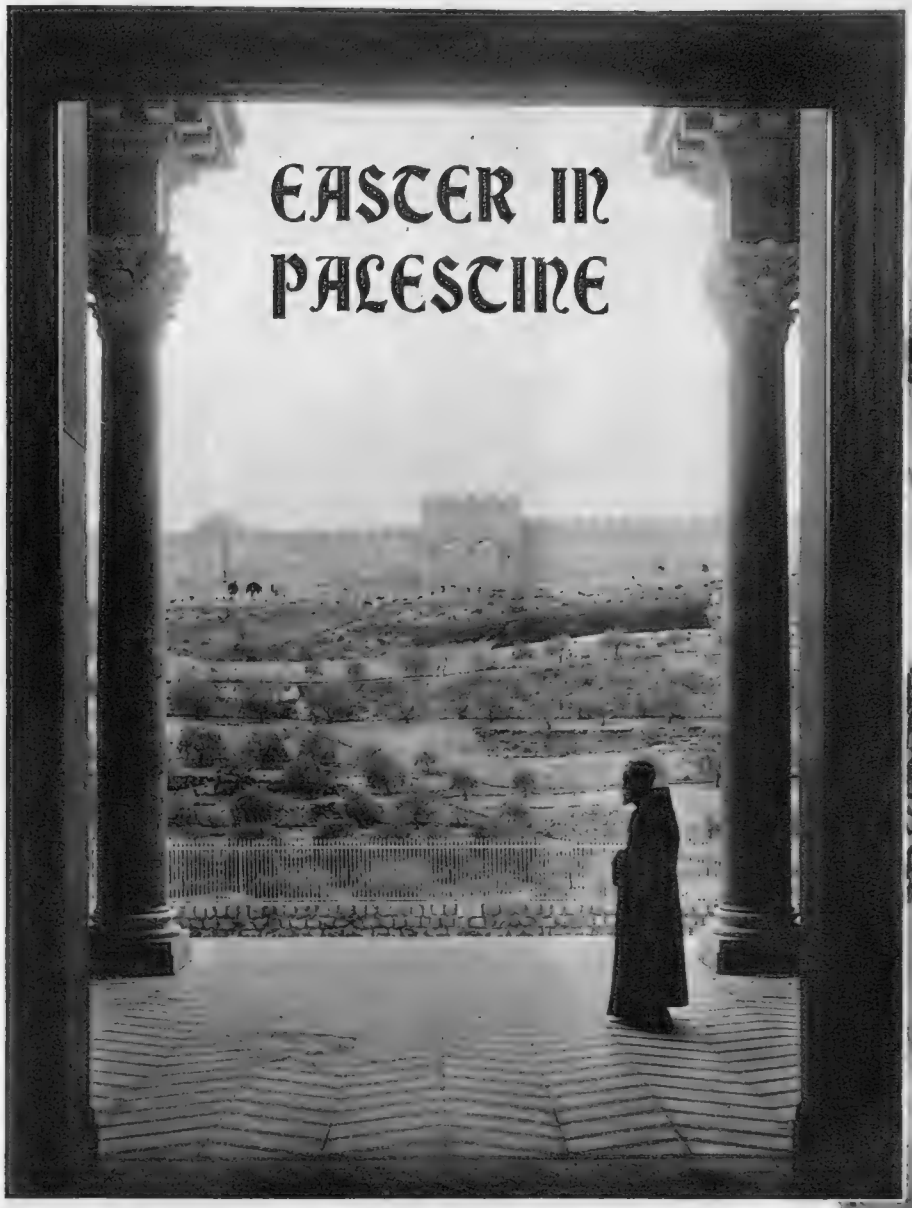
To-day Mihailoff holds, in Europe, a position of the utmost importance, for it would seem that he has it in his power to choose between *peace and war in the Balkans*. The facts are these. For many months Yugoslavia has been considering high-handed action against Bulgaria in order to suppress him and his organization. In February Bulgaria was warned that she would be held responsible for any further acts of terrorism by Macedonians crossing into Yugoslav territory. There followed international developments in Europe which aroused hopes of treaty revision, so the I.M.R.O. desisted from its activities.

These developments came only just in time, for there had been plans for the precipitation of a crisis—a provocation of Yugoslavia—it being generally believed that Yugoslavia was on the verge of insurrection, and that the Croats were ready to rise directly a crisis came. Then followed the Little Entente Pact, and hopes were somewhat shattered. Now Yugoslavia has signed a Convention whereby any State shall be considered an aggressor should it "support armed bands which, organized on its territory, shall have invaded the territory of another State; or should it refuse, in spite of the demand of the invaded State, to take on its own territory all the steps in its power to deprive the bandits aforesaid of all aid or protection."

It is within Mihailoff's power, by one single order, to place Bulgaria in the position of an aggressor before the signatories of that dangerous Convention. Bulgaria is isolated because she will

(Continued on p. 492)

EASTER IN PALESTINE



A VIEW THROUGH THE PORCH OF THE NEW CHURCH AT GETHSEMANE: In the background is the ancient wall of Jerusalem. *Right*—At Easter time Palestine is ablaze with scarlet anemones which are often found in uncultivated ground and in rocky crannies. This picture was taken on the road to Emmaus

THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S AGONY: The Garden of Gethsemane and its new church at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It is about half-a-mile from the city of Jerusalem

EASTER IN MITTEL-

Quaint Costumes and Custo

EASTER IN THE SPREEWALD: Children of Nieder-Lausitz playingthe player rolls eggs down a piece of slanting ground and attmpt of an adversary. This is somewhat similar to the old Noth which was described in a recent issue o "T

AN ITALIAN BEAUTY OF SOUTHERN TIROL dressed for the Easter festivities. She is wearing a head-dress of artificial flowers tied with ribbons, and an elaborate costume beautifully ornamented with lace. These peasant dresses, which are often of astonishing richness, are handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter in every family. Each village has its own traditional style

Left—EASTER IN GERMANY: Young people of Nieder-Lausitz, in the Spreewald district, returning home with eggs and bread given them as presents during their customary Easter round of visits to friends

Right — AN HUNGARIAN PEASANT AND HER CHILD IN EASTER FINERY: The head-dress and scarf consist of one piece of beautifully-worked embroidery

L - EUROPA

Customs

ingthe Easter game of "wallein." Each ttempts to hit, and crack, one of those Noth Country custom of pasch-egging o "The Sphere"

A YOUNG TIROLESE COUPLE in the picturesque costumes which they wear at Easter and other festivals. Note the delicately worked lace trimmings on the woman's shoulders, and her quaint silk apron adorned with an enormous bow. The young man's coat, hat, and pipe are quite evidently family heirlooms

A MOUTHFUL: A little peasant girl of the canal country of the Spreewald with one of the great cakes which are made every year at Easter

Right—THE PEASANT AND THE PIPE OF PEACE: A delightful study from Tirol

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Does it Stand on the Site of the Sepulchre and the Place of Crucifixion?

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM which is now undergoing extensive repairs to save it from collapse. This historic shrine is supposed by many to cover the site both of the Crucifixion and the Burial of Christ

The repairs now being carried out upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, by the Palestine Government, call attention not only to this great Christian shrine, but to its claim to be the site of the Sepulchre of our Saviour and the place of His Crucifixion.

Of all the Christian shrines in the Holy Land there is none that proves so puzzling to the ordinary visitor as this great church. This is due to the fact that we have two distinct places, some distance apart, one within the city and one without, which are pointed out as the site of Golgotha and the Tomb—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the walls, said to mark the site of the Crucifixion and Burial, and the Garden Tomb adjoining Gordon's Calvary, a rocky knoll, just outside the Damascus Gate. The Garden Tomb is believed by some to be the place of Sepulchre, and Skull Hill, or Gordon's Calvary, the site of the Crucifixion. It is evident, of course, that both sites cannot be correct.

It was Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and his august mother, Queen Helena, who placed Golgotha and the Tomb, where now stands the great Cathedral Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is not only one of the oldest of Christian edifices, but certainly the most historic, where God is worshipped in many strange languages, and where every form of Christian liturgy and ritual is used.

True, the church stands within the present walls, but these were built in, comparatively speaking, modern times, whereas the walls that enclosed the city in Christ's day date back to the time of Nehemiah. They were destroyed by Titus in the year 70, and until the course of this wall is definitely known, particularly along its northern boundary, it is impossible to say whether the Church stood without the city of Christ's time or not.

A SACRED RELIC: The Chozroes Cross, the most prized treasure in the Church. The gold frame in the centre is believed by many to contain the largest known fragment of the true wood of the Cross

ON EASTER MORNING: The Church of the Holy Sepulchre with every cornice and ledge occupied by sightseers watching a procession

It was in the year 325 that Queen Helena, a very devout woman, came to Jerusalem to find the place of Calvary, with the intention of marking the site with a Christian edifice. While some of the early writers lay stress on the fact that Helena only "discovered the site after much difficulty," others again would indicate that its location did not prove such a serious matter. Nearly 300 years had elapsed, however, since that awful event, while in the meantime Jerusalem had been twice utterly destroyed.

Helena, we are told, was assisted in her search for the tomb by Macarius, the then presiding Bishop of the Holy City. He is said to have inquired among the native Christians and Jews, and as a result came to the conclusion that Golgotha and the Tomb lay beneath the remains of the Temple of Venus. This was cleared, when the place of Crucifixion and Burial were revealed.

But Helena did not find only the place of Crucifixion and Burial, but also the True Cross. It would almost seem, according to some writers, that Constantine was more concerned about finding the Cross than the Tomb. He had the sign of the Cross placed upon the standards of his army and upon the shields of his soldiers, and attributed his victories to this sign. He may have thought that as the sign of the Cross had given him victory in the field, so the Cross itself, if found, would be a rallying point for Christians and heal the dissensions in the Church. It was this belief, probably, that led him to order a search to be made for the Cross.

Over the reputed place of Crucifixion Constantine raised a church, and another over the place where the three crosses were found, the former known as the Anatasis, or Church of the Resurrection, enclosing the Tomb of Christ, and the other, the Martyrion, or Church of the Cross, above the spot where the crosses were discovered. In the open, between the two churches, rose a rock, some 15 ft. above the level of the surrounding ground, where the Cross on which Christ hung was supposed to have been raised.

These two churches were destroyed and rebuilt on three different occasions, namely, in 614, 934, and 969, but there they stood in the beginning of the twelfth century when Jerusalem came into the possession of the Crusaders. Regarding the existing buildings as too insignificant for the sacred sites they covered, the Crusaders erected a large church in the Romanesque style, which embraced the sacred sites under a single roof, as well as much additional ground, thus creating one great Cathedral Church.

MR. WILLIAM HARVEY (right), the architect, discussing the repair work which is being carried out on the roof of the Church. One of the domes has proved too heavy for the walls

It now became known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and no sacred edifice has passed through such vicissitudes as this great Christian shrine in the Holy City. On more than one occasion it has been partly destroyed, only to be rebuilt, while many additions and chapels have been added to the Crusaders' original structure. Here, today, worship six different sects — Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians. Some portion of the church is the common property of all sects, international ground, as it were, and this applies to the great Rotunda, where the Sepulchre, or Tomb, itself stands. The Greeks and Latins, however, share the greater part of the building.

The church is everywhere crowded with so-called holy places, to be exact, some twenty-seven in all. Every incident connected with the Crucifixion would seem to have occurred in this rambling building. You are shown the prison in which Christ was kept; the stocks that held His feet; the place where He was prepared for the Cross; the spot where He was nailed to the Cross; the hole in which the Cross stood; the stone on which His body was anointed; and so on.

A careful reading of the history of the church would show that many of these relics were placed here in the Middle Ages more to remind the pilgrim of our Lord's passion than anything else, only to be gradually accepted as authentic.

THE FRAGMENT OF THE PILLAR OF FLAGELLATION in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was to this that Christ is said to have been bound before he was scourged, and it is exposed to view only at Easter, when it is kissed by thousands of pilgrims

Storm and Shipwreck on the Atlantic

A THRILLING RESCUE: The crew of the disabled fishing smack *G. E. Levy* clambering aboard the Red Star Liner *Westernland*, which came to their assistance in the North Atlantic. They were brought to safety only after a four-hour battle in a tempestuous sea

DANCING THE HORNPIPE: H.M.S. *Duncan* battling through a heavy sea during the recent combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets. This destroyer had to rush back to Gibraltar when a member of the crew received a serious rib injury

A FOREIGN WARSHIP MANNED BY BRITONS: The South American Republic of Colombia recently decided to have a Navy. They ordered a new destroyer but, as the people of Colombia have no experience in naval matters, the entire crew has had to be recruited from retired British officers and seamen. *Left*—Commandante David R. Wilson, captain of the new destroyer, and two of his fellow officers. He was formerly a Lieut.-Commander in the British Navy. *Right*—Applying spit and polish to the torpedo tubes

FEBRUARY FOG GIVES PLACE TO MARCH GALES: A Harwich-Hook of Holland boat feeling its way through the fog by the constant taking of soundings by a man in the chains. During the last two or three weeks conditions have been very different and vessels have had to contend with mountainous seas

SAVED FROM THE DEEP: Members of the crew of the British freighter, *Concordia*, in one of the lifeboats after their vessel had collided with the U.S. steamship, *Black Eagle*, off the coast of Newfoundland. The *Concordia* sank in half-an-hour and, although all the crew were saved, a cargo of cattle went to the bottom

WOMEN AT

AT THE PITS: Speed is as much an essential factor here as on the track, and every second saved brings the car nearer to the chequered flag

On Monday the first big motor track race meeting begins at Brooklands. There will be something like eighty competitors, and John Cobb will try to beat the lap record of the track on his Napier-Railton car. The record at present stands in the name of the late Tim Birkin, who established it just two years ago at 137·96 m.p.h. with his Bentley. Interest in speed motoring increases every year. Last year, despite the slump, there were more entries than in 1932, and this year will show a further increase. It is particularly interesting in view of the fact that private flying might have been expected to take away the allegiance of just those rich and daring young men and women who have hitherto been identified with track driving. Nothing of the sort has occurred. Apparently the sports—if one can call them such — demand totally different mentalities. With the exception of those dually-controlled experts, John Cobb, Whitney Straight, Brian Lewis, and Kaye Don, who are pilots as well as ace drivers, the civilian flyers consider speed motorists to be just as hare-brained as the speed motorists reckon the civilian flyers. These feelings are easily assessed at Brooklands where there is an aerodrome as well as a racing track.

MRS. K. PETRE: One of several outstanding woman drivers at Brooklands

What the general public does not know is that Brooklands is controlled by a white-haired widow who, as governing director of the Brooklands Estate Company, takes an unusually active interest in the organization. Mrs. Locke King, though she is approaching the seventies, drives her own car and could walk most middle-aged men off their feet. She is a practical farmer too. And yet she was the first person to complete the circuit of Brooklands track—on July 6, 1907. I have not the space to tell of the building of the track (which cost £150,000), nor of the fiasco of the opening meeting. It is 2 miles long, enclosing an area of about 350 acres. It is 100 ft. wide, and at certain points the banking is 28 ft. high. Every year at least £2,000 is spent during the winter months in repairing the track, and this winter the repairs have reached a total of £3,000.

Every year certain representative drivers are picked out, and a plan of the track is sent them with a request to indicate by an X those places which are thought to cause the worst bumps. The replies are then analyzed and the track surveyor goes out with a theodolite. Frequently the spot marked X is some hundreds of yards out; but it is very difficult even with a theodolite to track them down. Last year far and away the worst bump which was taken out under the members' bridge involved a depression which reached a maximum depth of only 3 in. in 20 ft. When the spot has been discovered it is no good trying to plaster it. It would be as silly as to try to put in a new bit of wood over a defective floor board instead of putting in an entirely new one. What happens is that the panels of concrete sink bodily or tilt (in each case very slightly), for surface disintegration hardly matters at all. It is necessary, therefore, to go right down to mother earth and to put in an entirely new panel of concrete. Sometimes when the bad spot occurs at the top of the banking it is very difficult. Wheelbarrows have to be pulled up by windlasses to the top, and the concrete has to be almost stone dry; otherwise it would bulge owing to its own weight, rather like a custard pie which has been put in at a slant.

How expensive is it to own and drive a racing car? Well, it evidently depends on the type of car, and also the race or races for which you enter. Mr. John Cobb's gigantic motor car can do only five miles to the gallon, at 1s. 6d. a gallon. If he entered for a 500-mile race (the entry fee for which is £15 or £16) he would probably spend £10 5s. merely on petrol for practising and the race itself. In addition to that it must be remembered that last year, at any rate, new tyres had to be substituted every 120 miles at £10 a tyre.

That comes, all told, to nearly £200 or more. Actually, I should suppose that his running costs last year would have amounted to four figures quite easily. If he had had a bad smash, it would have come to a great deal more. The car in the first instance must have cost something over £6,000. At the other end of the scale you have the sporting undergraduate who bought a Baby Austin for £5 and raced it enjoyably, if not successfully, throughout the season.

The question of mechanics is not an easy one to answer. There again it depends on whether you are taken care of by a motor-car firm which supplies its own mechanics for you, or whether you put yourself and your car in the hands of a firm like Thompson and Taylor at Brooklands, who will garage your little darling at so much a week, and charge you for various nuts, bolts, and service, according to a time sheet, like any service station.

The difference in the care with which individual racing drivers treat their motor cars is so enormous that it has been found impossible by this firm to have a standard tariff. There is a charge of one pound a month for garaging a car during the eight months' season, but this is deducted if any work is done on the car. The cost will range between £50 to £200, according to luck and good management. Thompson and Taylor supply mechanics for you at a rate per hour which will work out at something like £1 a day. Some drivers, as I say, abuse their cars terribly. Others do not, and save themselves some hundreds a year thereby.

What are the rewards? The biggest prize money at Brooklands is £400, provided by Lord Nuffield, formerly Sir William Morris. This is the British Empire Trophy race, with £200 for the second place, another £100 for the third place, another £100 for the entrant of the car covering distance in the shortest time, and £50 for the car placed first in each class. This race will be run at Brooklands on the Saturday of Ascot week, the entrance fee costing £16 until May 7, and rising to £26 up to June 4, which is the closing date.

It is interesting, by the way, to see that a sumptuary law has been passed by the Brooklands management which will come into effect on Monday. It is this: The clerk of the course may prohibit any driver, mechanic, or car from competing, the appearance of whom or which is unreasonably or habitually dirty or untidy.

The lucky owner of a winning car can also make money out of bonuses supplied by the manufacturers of various parts of the motor car, as well as

THE WHEEL:

The 1934 Brookland's Racing Season Opens with a Bang and a Roar

By CHARLES GRAVES

the purveyors of petrol and oil. These bonuses have decreased considerably, however, in recent years, and I doubt very much whether the winner of a small sprint race would make much more than a fiver. Some years ago rewards were considerable, particularly for the bigger races. The Marquis de Casa Maury told me that it was worth £1,500 to him to win the Spanish Grand Prix ten years ago, and that to win the chief race in America was worth something like £12,000. There is no official difference between an amateur and a professional track driver as far as I can work out. It would be too difficult to differentiate between the assistance that a driver would be compelled to have, and the assistance that might be given him over and above the minimum. It is certain, however, that to make any attempt to ensure your winning a race even occasionally, it is necessary to enter your name and your car for a number of races which you have no chance of winning, so as to get a possible handicap, in the same way that a racehorse is entered for races which it is unlikely to win.

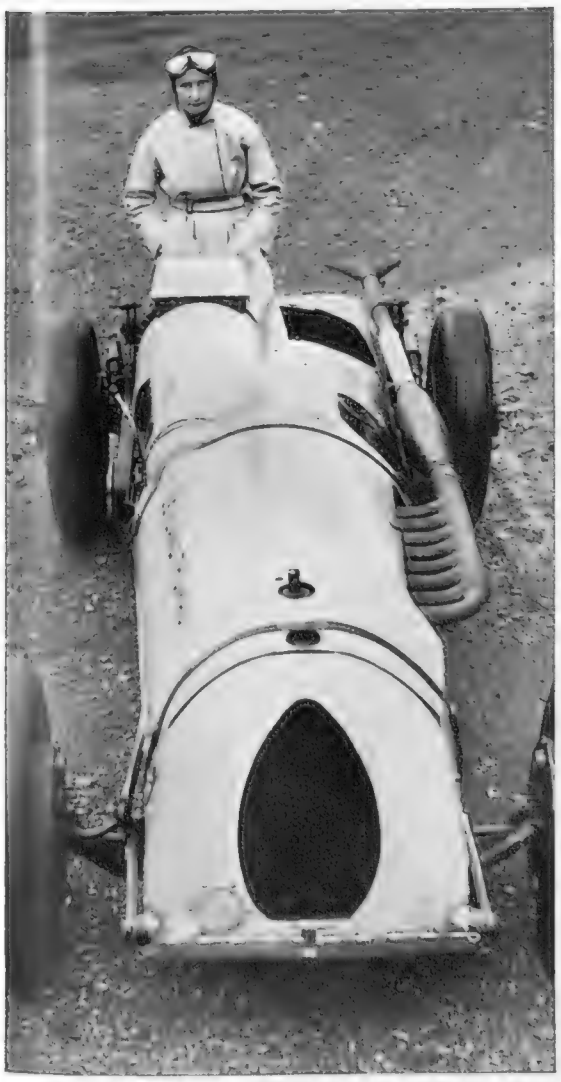
The question of handicapping is a piquant one. There are at least seven men drivers and four women drivers whose skill has to be taken into account in addition to the type and speed of the motor car which they are driving. The first of them is Mr. John Cobb, who is a fur broker by profession. He is over forty years old; tall, broad, clean-shaven, quiet, and easy to handle from the point of view of Brooklands. Primarily he is an outside track driver as opposed to Whitney Straight, the ex-Cambridge undergraduate, who shines particularly on the Mountain circuit which is characterized by acute turns. Mr. Whitney Straight wears decorative clothes and longish hair. He speaks with almost a lisp. When still an undergraduate he used to fly down in his own aeroplane before taking part in the races. Recently he has taken a three-year lease of P. G. Wodehouse's house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane. He is a meek-and-mild looking youth. You would never think that he was a daring driver who has actually gone round the Mountain circuit faster than anybody else alive.

Oliver Bertram, also just down from Cambridge, drives John Cobb's old Delage. He is fairly tall, fair-haired, moustached, and very quiet. He is an outside circuit man. There is no need to describe Sir Malcolm Campbell, who expects to be back for the meeting on April 28. Kaye Don needs no introduction. The sixth driver whose skill is taken into consideration by the handicappers is Brian Lewis, the son of Lord Essendon. His record, too, is too well known to recapitulate. There is finally Mr. George Eyston, a tall, pale-faced, spectacled young man who drives like a fury and looks like an essayist. It is a fact that the daring and brilliance of these seven men are considered worth at least five miles an hour to the car, their skill largely involving the knowledge of the exact point and method of getting on and off the Home banking and the Byfleet banking.

All the women drivers are coming on fast. First of all there were races for women only. Last year they were permitted to race against the men in one event per meeting. This year they may drive in two races per meeting with the exception of the Mountain Race. By next year they may be considered good enough to race against the men on equal terms. The best of the women drivers is Mrs. Katherine Petre. She is small, vivacious, and pretty. She drives a Bugatti, and gave a grand display of handling her car a few days ago in a 700-yard race when the speed of getting away and skill in changing gear were at a premium. Many big drivers lose heavily by the slowness with which they get off as the flag falls. Next we have Mrs. Wisdom, who drives a bigger car than any other woman—a Leyland-Thomas. She is exceedingly slim, on the tall side, and has a great deal of style.

OVER 120 M.P.H.: An impression of Mr. Kaye Don doing a record-breaking run at Brooklands

ON THE BANKING: Two cars struggling for the lead in a Junior Handicap



MRS. T. H. WISDOM with her Leyland-Thomas. This car was at one time raced by the late Mr. Parry Thomas, who met his death on Pendine Sands

Miss Fay Taylour, the third on my list, was formerly a dirt-track driver. The fourth woman whom the handicappers regard as being in the top class is Mrs. Tolhurst. She drives a Riley, and is very good looking. It is curious, indeed, how good looks and speed racing seem to go together. If you go down on Monday to Brooklands I will wager that you will see a prettier collection of girls than anywhere in the country. The stage in particular seems to make more alliances with the track world nowadays than it does even with the turf or the peerage. Pretty mannequins also are very much in evidence at these meetings.

All told, there are about 200 racing cars which compete in the eighteen meetings. I say nothing of the motor-bicycle races or the pedal-bicycle events. In the past four years there have been only six fatal accidents, which goes to show that

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MISS PSYCHE ALTHAM, the West End dancer, making an adjustment to her car before a practice run

The SCIENCE of STAR-MAKING

How Hollywood Turns Unknown Girls into Internationally-Famed Film Stars

By VAL GUEST

ANNA STEN who received so much publicity when she arrived in Hollywood that she was known to film-goers all over the world long before she appeared in her first picture for Samuel Goldwyn

More arguments have raged about the discovery and "grooming" of motion-picture stars than about any of the complicated processes which make up the crazy brilliance that is Hollywood.

But the outcome of all these arguments, as it affects British pictures, is that we have lamentably failed to apply even the elementary rules of a game of chance that has produced from a group of unknown Hollywood girls such profitable personalities as Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, and latest and most mysterious of all, Anna Sten.

Hollywood has turned star manufacture into an exact science. Certain rules are laid down, and if these are rigidly and patiently followed, time and time again it has been proved that yet another star can be added to the crowded firmament of Movieland—and yet more money can be coaxed from the film-going public by devious routes back to the account of the producing company.

This thought may kill many dearly cherished illusions, but the facts of Hollywood's plan for the starlets are insufficiently known in this country and certainly insufficiently stressed.

The game is a difficult one, requiring infinite patience.

When Star-maker-in-chief Samuel Goldwyn was in London some time ago, he faced a fire of questions regarding the future of Anna Sten, the blonde actress from Soviet Russia, whose arrival in Hollywood was the signal for the release of a surrounding flood of ballyhoo.

She had been in Hollywood fifteen months when Goldwyn heard these awkward questions, yet she had not made a film. Goldwyn smiled and replied, "I am not ready to present her in one of my productions." He admitted that for fifteen long months he had cheerfully paid a heavy salary to Anna, and then revealed the intensive work which had been going on in the United Artists Studios to prepare Anna for her talkie debut in America, and also to prepare American audiences for Anna.

The story that went around when Anna arrived was that she had to learn English in three weeks to play opposite Ronald Colman in *The Brothers Karamazov*. But the Russian picture was abandoned.

Then it was announced that she would play the lead in *I Have Been Faithful*, a film which appeared in England under the title, *Cynara*. When the picture came to be made, Kay Francis was given the part.

While the world assumed that Sam Goldwyn had repented of his bargain, the astute executive was really holding his hand in obedience to one of the most important rules of star-making: never, never release your star prematurely.

For four hours every morning and afternoon she studied English. Goldwyn ordered her to see the newest pictures three times a week. He made fifty-one screen tests of her. She played dozens of scenes which the public will never see—bits from *Mata Hari*, from Oscar Wilde's plays, from Sydney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*. She was photographed for her hair, for her eyes, for street clothes, and costumes. Musicians wrote period songs to suit her voice. Costumes were designed to suit her personality. All this meant a great deal of money but Sam Goldwyn spent it gladly, because he knew that Anna Sten had the makings of a superb star. He knew, too, that if he profited from the mistakes of her first picture, it would probably be too late to rectify them in the second; the public would have pronounced her a failure and a disappointment.

Like all experienced executives, he had learned that it is impossible for a star to learn the business in the course of half-a-dozen films. The finished article must be delivered in a first picture, polished, analysed, publicized, and perfect.

That is an example of star-making as practised by a very shrewd showman.

Just as important is the work being accomplished by the selection of an annual batch of "Wampas" baby stars. Members of the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers (hence the "Wampas") got together some years ago and decided to select thirteen promising girls and prepare them for stardom; in other words, they picked the best of available raw material for the star-manufacturing machine.

Every year since the scheme was initiated the "Wampas" babies have been picked. After ten years, the number was increased to fifteen.

What are the comparative results of this scheme to date?

The 1922 batch produced Jacqueline Logan, who directed and starred in British pictures; Colleen Moore, who reached stardom, faded out, and made a sensational return in *Power and the Glory;* Bessie Love, who attained considerable prominence before she married and retired from pictures; Lois Wilson, the most glittering star of this year. In 1923, the "Wampas" babies included Evelyn Brent, Laura La Plante, and Eleanor Boardman. 1924 was a memorable year. "Wampas" discovered Clara Bow. Dorothy Mackaill and Mariar. Nixon were also in the list which the rapid rise of Clara overwhelmed.

The following year, the successes included Olive Borden and Dorothy Revier. This was rather a disappointing selection.

But in 1926, a group of starlets, destined to magnificent success, appeared.

The "Wampas" babies of that year included Joan Crawford, Mary Astor, Dolores Costello (who later brought off another triumph by marrying John Barrymore), Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Sally O'Neil, Fay Wray ("the girl with the scream"—in *King Kong* and other "horror" pictures), and Janet Gaynor, most popular of all stars.

A great deal has been made of the tragic failures of "Wampas" baby stars, but I think that the result of the system, as it stands, is an overwhelming argument in favour of the continuance of this scheme and its extension to every country which hopes to emulate the almost incredible progress and success of American pictures.

It must be remembered that all the girls had the advantage of the smoothly working machinery of studio and publicity departments. Money was spent like water. Countless ideas were used for the exploitation of the personality of each baby star. Their names were changed, their colouring, dress, accent — all discussed.

When one considers that Joan Crawford's real name is Billie Cassin, that Barbara Stanwyck's name is Ruby Stevens, that Richard Van Mattimore was ordered to change his name to Richard Arlen, it is easy to understand that the baby stars are prepared for any kind of titular change.

JEAN PARKER AND MARY CARLISLE: Two charming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlets

Many of the stars have been discovered among the ranks of screen chorus girls, and there is naturally keen competition for these insignificant positions which may lead to unguessed glory. So the conditions of entry into the screen chorus were tightened.

An essential part of the science of star-making is the physical and mental ability on the part of the starlet to follow out the really grilling schedule of work which is demanded. The star rises at six, travels to "location," and starts the many rehearsals which precede the actual shooting of the film. Then re-takes begin, to rectify the little errors which will creep into the most perfect performance. The combination of powerful lights and bright sun makes even the strongest person thoroughly glad of the lunch-hour break and the box-luncheon which is the only meal available on "location." Then the afternoon session starts. Rehearsals and re-takes drag on under the fierce sun, and when at last evening comes the rising star is thoroughly weary. That is why many of the baby stars, who have fallen into the habit of crashing into Hollywood night life, have found that it is physically impossible to combine film business with even the lightest round of pleasure.

This is a strenuous period of training, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the girls who have the stamina and determination to complete picture after picture really reach the top of the tree in the end.

Hollywood has been experimenting with the star system lately. The first picture to include half-a-dozen or so stars in more or less slight parts was *Grand Hotel*. When the film was announced and the details of the heavily packed cast made public, Hollywood wondered whether the inclusion of so many big names would really defeat the purpose

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"THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL": Jean Harlow with Lee Tracey and the maitre d'hôtel of the Ambassador at Hollywood

IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT

ANNA STEN IN "LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS" which is due to begin its West-End run at the Tivoli this week. The film is the screen version of the Emile Zola novel, *Nana*, and it is the first Hollywood production in which Miss Sten has played

A DRAMATIC MOMENT: Suzanne Rissler as Yanetta in Brieux's drama, *La Robe Rouge*. Driven mad by her husband's flow of sarcastic remarks she attacks him with a paper knife

ISLA BEVAN, who has been given a twelve months' contract by Twickenham Film Studios. She was leading lady in *The Sign of Four* and has just completed her third film

Left—THE FRENCH FILM STAR, ANNABELLA, who it was rumoured was going to play in British films, signing autographs before her departure for Hollywood

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL FRENCH FILM: Paule Andreal in *La Rue sans Nom* which was recently shown at the Rialto. The film, which is notable for some good camera work, depicts the life of the inhabitants, mostly criminals, of a sordid street

THE NEWLY-WEDS: Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill arriving at their Hollywood home. They were married in London some weeks ago. Miss Cherrill starred with Charlie Chaplin in his last big film

THE WODEHOUSE REVIVAL AT DALY'S THEATRE: Peter Haddon and Winifred Shotter appear in P. G. Wodehouse's comedy *Good Morning, Bill*. Mr. Haddon gives a new interpretation of the patient who falls in love with the attractive lady doctor, played by the charming Miss Shotter. In the first picture the doctor is seen exhibiting a coldly professional attitude towards Bill Paradine, who at length proves that he can do something. In the second picture Winifred Shotter is examining another "case," Miss Phyllis Monkman, acting the part of Lottie

PLAYS of TO-DAY

By PHILIP PAGE

If one can judge by some American films, this island of ours is populated, as far as the males are concerned, solely by the creations of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. A typical Englishman is considered to have a first-rate tailor and second-rate brains, a character impersonated with success by the late Mr. G. P. Huntley, by Mr. Ralph Lynn, and, in the case of *Good Morning, Bill*, the Wodehouse farcical comedy at Daly's, by Mr. Peter Haddon and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith. The vast popularity enjoyed by this author is some excuse for the view.

The ancient Britons soaked themselves in woad; modern Britons, by the hundreds of thousands, soak themselves in Wodehouse. That is a very pretty tribute to the national decency, for here is "good, clean fun" in plenty. If there are those whom such a label would send out of any theatre with the speed of a scalded cat, there are far more who remain to cheer and enjoy themselves to the full. The "good, clean fun" of the military and naval farces at the Shaftesbury a short time ago had an equally large following. It was a pity that series came to an end; that happened only because the plays, while not growing less clean, grew considerably less funny. That will happen, inevitably, I think, with any series of plays of the same type at the same theatre.

I have heard a good deal about the need for "a settled policy" in the theatre. The system has its advantages. But it is bound to become unsettled sooner or later as inspiration dwindles, runs grow shorter, and often, in consequence, tempers shorter still. The Aldwych farces had a long innings and deserved it; yet it came to an end and the last few productions showed a sad falling off.

None the less, I see no reason why Mr. Peter Haddon and the merry little company at Daly's should not do well over the good, clean fun stakes for quite a long time. *Good morning, Bill* is pleasantly Wodehousian. It is full of those characteristic quips which are certainly not wit and are hardly of a high-grade of humour. Yet one chuckles at them when they are said in the right way, as they are by Mr. Haddon and Mr. Grossmith.

Mr. Haddon in this story of a wealthy young man who woos and wins a lady-doctor shows himself an actor of light comedy of very high attainments indeed. Hitherto he has confined himself, or been confined, to caricature, and has presented a row of asinine though amiable young men with loose trousers, a loose-lipped drawl, and a languid hankering after loose women. He now plays a real character and plays it well—with plenty of light and shade and a good sense of "timing." The long scene consisting of a pseudo-medical examination between him and Miss Winifred Shotter (most neat, piquant, and clever as the lady-doctor), might have been boring or offensive, or both. It is thinly written and rather too long; but these two made it the "high spot" of the play.

Miss Phyllis Monkman walks the stage with that easy grace which reminds us of her exquisite dancing, but has adapted herself brilliantly to new conditions. As an amorous young lady who turns up only to create a muddle she was admirable. Mr. Sebastian Smith's middle-aged recounter of golf exploits was refreshingly real, and a clever example of how the intentionally tedious can be made the reverse.

WYCHERLEY'S COMEDY AT THE AMBASSADOR'S: Margaretta Scott (left) as Alithea, and Lesley Wareing as Mrs. Pinchwife in the very entertaining production of *The Country Wife*. In addition to the wit of the dialogue, the Restoration dressing of the play is most picturesque

"Double Doors" at the Globe.—

Dame Sybil Thorndike must feel at home at the Globe Theatre, as if she were back in the good old pre-Dame days at the Little Theatre, when Chevalier José Levy ran Grand Guignol there and treated us to jolly evenings of eye-gougings and bricking-up alive. *Double Doors* gives her a part in which she obviously revels; her brother, Mr. Russell ("Berlud!") Thorndike, would also revel in it and would probably play it nearly as well.

But let us put aside the horrors for one moment, to enjoy them with relish later, and look upon another aspect of this American play which is said to be founded on fact. There is a certain whimsical amusement to be derived from this revelation of how aristocratically a nation which has no nobility (in the Debrett sense) can behave. This aspect of the play, which has its grotesque touches elsewhere, I believe to be wholly without exaggeration. I do not suggest that every American debutante who sits in a motor car in the Mall with three white feathers in her hair on a summer evening would attempt murder for the sake of her family pride.

But there are in her the germs of that impulse which made Miss Victoria Van Brett shove her sister-in-law into an iron safe to die of suffocation just because she considered her socially inferior. Listen to the conversation of New York's much-enlarged "Four Hundred"—charming, hospitable people though most of them are—and you will be convinced. Read the American social papers with genealogy in every other paragraph. In London one finds the snob couchant; in New York the snob rampant. Far more Americans brag of descent from an old southern family, or a Van Something-or-other, than English people talk of links with the peerage, though not a few glaring cases leap to the mind.

Profoundly, then, did I disagree with my neighbour at the first performance of this exciting play when he grew annoyed at the stiff snobbishness of white-haired Miss Van Brett, who stalked about like a stage duchess who had swallowed a real poker, bullied her servants, bragged of the long line of the Van Bretts, of her pearls, her wealth, and of how wonderful everything was in that house which was a nightmare version of Pinero's *His House in Order*. "Americans don't behave like that, it's a democratic country," he Hedda Gablerized. Bless his little heart, that is just how most of them do behave! There is no more formidable tyrant than an elderly American woman with the power of the purse.

But whereas the vast majority of them have the kindest of hearts, Miss Van Brett is a monster. It is her fiendishness which is overdrawn here (or which can be regarded as deliberately made monstrous) not her tyranny nor her snobbishness. Considering that she went mad in the final scene and was probably no more sane throughout than the Marquis de Sade, *Double Doors* may be regarded, therefore, as a fairly lifelike play. Beyond a doubt it is a well-constructed and throughly entertaining one.

Dame Sybil's Victoria Van Brett is one of the best things she has ever done—better in the earlier scenes where the mania is concealed under an icy sneer, but first-rate throughout. The woman adored her young half-brother and when he married a pretty hospital nurse she made them live with her in order to subject them to torture, first by snubbing and humiliating the wife with every imaginable vile subtlety and then by hinting to the husband that she had committed adultery with his best friend.

It was strange that they should have stood such treatment for a week, but they did; there are people who are frightened into accepting anything when they are penniless and overawed by a strong personality.

But revolt they did and the sight of the young wife, bag in hand, about to leave the house sent Victoria into homicidal lunacy; she lured her into that safe with the promise of the Van Brett pearls, and then did to her what wicked Uncle Abanazar did to Aladdin. Of course the girl was rescued in the nick of time by the distracted husband, and when Victoria herself stood gibbering by the open door of the safe the tension was so great that I longed for use to be made of another fairy tale and for young Mr. and Mrs. Van Brett to push her inside, just as Hansel and Gretel bundled the witch into the oven. Dame Sybil at that moment looked uncannily witch-like.

"THE SUBSTANCE OF MY PRAISE": Bassanio (Jack Livesey) greets Portia (Marie Ney), after the opening of the leaden casket in Act II of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Alhambra

BEYOND the FOOTLIGHTS

Scenes from Three Noteworthy Plays

ACTOR, PLAYWRIGHT, COMPOSER: Noel Coward as the Duc de Chasseigny-Varennes in *Conversation Piece*, his latest success at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Coward intended to play the part for only a few weeks, but it is probable that he will continue until the end of April

THE PLAY WHICH OVER 280,000 PEOPLE HAVE PAID TO SEE: Louise Hampton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Edith Evans in *The Late Christopher Bean* which has just reached its 350th performance at the St. James' Theatre. The play ran for a year in Paris and for nine months in New York

A THRILLER AT THE GLOBE: Two scenes from Elizabeth McFadden's *Double Door*. Sybil Thorndike as Victoria Van Brett, the head of an ancient family who lures her unwelcome sister-in-law, Anne Darrow (Carol Goodner), into her secret and sound-proof vault. Miss Thorndike gives a remarkable performance as a woman gradually lapsing into insanity

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

The book lay on my table, a heavy looking thing. There was nothing exciting about the title. **Italian Studies, by Edward Armstrong,** formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford **(Macmillan. 12s. 6d.).** I have to confess I had never heard of the author, six years dead. There was a preface written by a Dean of Winchester two years dead. The first sentence informed me that "Edward Armstrong was the chief English authority on the history of Italy in the age of Dante and the Renaissance." Then how had I, a Dante student, a voracious reader of everything touching on Italy, come to miss so important a person as Edward Armstrong? Continuing the preface I learned the reason—"yet he wrote only one book on the subject—his monograph on *Lorenzo de Medici* in the Heroes of the Nations Series. The wealth of his scholarship was lavished upon his pupils and it lives to-day in the minds of those who were inspired by his teaching."

So here again was one of those quiet scholars who carefully cultivated his patch of historical ground indifferent to fame. His work could never be a "best seller," he would never be "selected" as the best of the month, week, day, or evening edition. No autograph hunters would line up at his lectures, no American agent entice him on a lecture tour, no pushful young editor ring him up for a 300-word snappy article on "Do Women Powder Too Much?"

He lived and he died, and many of us never heard of him. I suppose had the occasion arisen for me to need information on some obscure group of the *Parte Guelfa* I should have been directed to Edward Armstrong, who was the supreme authority on the complex Florentine politics of Dante's day. Again, I am informed, there was little that could be known about the life of the Emperor, Charles V, that was not known to Armstrong. He wrote two volumes on the Emperor.

But two things interested me in this memorial volume edited by Cecilia M. Ady. I learned that he was the Bursar of Queen's College, Oxford, and Pro-Provost from 1911–1922, and thus, under the Statutes of that date, head of the college. It happens to be my good fortune to be a friend and occasional guest of the present Bursar of Queen's, and often from his pleasant rooms I look down upon the green quadrangle, across to the statue under the cupola of that Queen Philippa who came from Hainault, and not that Queen Anne whose "deadness" has given us a simile.

My second interest in the book arose from the fact, as I have observed, that here was a volume of fourteen studies in Italian history. One of these, in particular, settled an argument in which I had been involved that day. A friend, returning from Verona, informed me that he had visited the tomb of Juliet and the house of the Capulets. I scoffed at him, and when in Verona myself had greatly shocked the Italian guide by my refusal to accept his fairy tale. In an essay "Montagues and Capulets," Armstrong kills the legend completely.

"No fact in medieval history has been so universally accepted as that Montagues and Capulets were two noble houses of Verona. Yet this is not a fact, nor even a mere fiction, but a falsity. The Capulets were not a house, and in Verona they had neither *sac* nor *soc*. For all this they were real people with a real history, and their home, when they had one, was Cremona. That is why the historian must condemn the legend as a falsity and not condone it as a fable."

Here, then, was just the evidence I wanted. Armstrong, never being satisfied with "something like" or "probably," patiently tracked down the legend. Dante had not exactly sinned against the historic truth in coupling the two families in his *Purgatorio*. "But his literary workmanship was clumsy; with all his merit he had not the finish of, let us say, Mr. Austin Dobson," observed Armstrong. Shakespeare and his fellow Elizabethans, as Lope de Vega, had borrowed the story from Bandello. A quarter of a century earlier Luigi da Porto had written a novel, *Giuletta e Romeo*. He was a young noble of Vicenza who knew Verona as well as his own city. He was a friend of Cardinal Bembo, the man of letters, the memorial entrance to whose house in Venice happened to be under my own lodging there. Porto borrowed from Benvenuto who established both the families at Verona. Curious to say, Dante's own son did not fall into error, and referred correctly to the Montecchi of Verona and the Cappelletti of Cremona.

One need not read many pages of Armstrong's book before one is aware not only of a rare scholar but also of a man of delightful humour and simplicity of mind. Fustiness and donnishness are closely associated in the public mind but Armstrong, if his conversation was as slyly witty as his writing, must have been a most delightful companion. Of

THE CHIEF AUTHORITY ON THE HISTORY OF ITALY IN THE AGE OF DANTE AND THE RENAISSANCE: The late Edward Armstrong, whom Mr. Roberts describes as a rare scholar and a man who possessed delightful humour and simplicity of mind

the Pope's hostility to Savonarola he observes, "Alexander VI was a healthy animal with an equable temper; he was not easily irritated by personalities; men who live in habitual sin are not sensitive to scandal. Sinners are not so hard on saints as saints on sinners."

And here is quite a new and surprising view on the torture applied to prisoners in medieval times. "It is usual nowadays to regard evidence obtained under torture as valueless, but that is because we have no experience. The rack may be no more trying to certain nervous systems than examination in a modern court by an impudent young barrister who is 'on the make.' There were good witnesses under torture and bad witnesses, just as there are now."

There is a delightful essay on Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, who became Pope Pius II. He was a great traveller and visited England and Scotland. At forty he wrote an indecent novelette, lived to repent it, and met his death at Ancona, in a vain attempt to encourage a Crusade. Nobody really wanted to go, least of all the riff-raff who called themselves Crusaders. He was filled with hope at the sight of the great Venetian fleet entering Ancona to convey the Crusaders, "with the world's first admiral, the Doge himself commanding, but a Doge so sceptical, so unromantic that he sent his doctor ashore to ascertain whether the Pope was really ill or only shamming. Pius proved his good faith by dying within the second day."

Even more delightful, and an essay that sheds much light on contemporary Italian life, and the sterling character of the Venetian Republic, is the story of young Leonardo Tressino. He was a young adventurer from Vicenza who had to flee the town and took service with the Emperor Maximilian. Following the operations of the League of Cambrai, Venice found herself temporarily incapable of defending her towns on the mainland. This was Tressino's chance. He offered to take Vicenza with a handful of men. Actually he had only a force of ten horsemen and sixty foot but he bluffed the townspeople by demanding a headquarters for 5,000 foot and 400 horse.

Vicenza opened its gates to him. The Venetian governor fled. From Vicenza he marched on to Padua, which greeted him with joy. But his triumph was short lived. The trick became known. Venice came back like a flood under the leadership of Andrea Gritti and Tressino was a prisoner. "Thus ended a remarkable adventurer, with his high ambitions, his winning manners, his love of velvet and gold and braid and flowers. He had played for a high stake; that he lost was not all a fault of his. Without a ducat or a trooper he had kept his word, and won for the Emperor a priceless territory." It is a story such as Maurice Hewlett might have invented, a mixture of chivalry, bravado, and romance.

Edward Armstrong never let scholarship overcloud his human interest in events and characters. These delightful studies, while conceding nothing to surmise, are touched with that vivid Italian light which makes so fresh the tempestuous scenes of Renaissance history. It is sad to think that he did not write more, that so much of his ripe scholarship will be remembered only in the grateful minds of those who were fortunate enough to sit at his feet.

Edward Armstrong—Scholar: The Last Recollections of Captain Gronow—The Gossip of a Contemptible Toady: Walking in the New Forest—The Right Mixture of Guide Book and Appetizer

The other day I found myself confronting the Marquess of Donegall in a public debate. The subject was, "Is the Press too Personal?" To-day some of us are apt to think that it has reached the limit of licence and inanity, but I am not so certain after reading **The Last Recollections of Captain Gronow,** which has been edited with illustrations by **Malcolm Easton (Selwyn and Blount. 10s. 6d.).** We are told that the last edition of "this most scandalous and delicious book was published far back in the nineteenth century," that Captain Gronow lingered on until 1865 and was a dandy, duellist, and lover.

If such a person ever really existed in the flesh, he was a writer of personal gossip and tittle-tattle of a quality that forces me to admit that our modern gossips have greatly improved in their contemptible calling. In all these 300 pages dealing with Society in Paris and London, between the years 1800 and 1865, there is scarcely a single anecdote worthy of preservation, and the sum total is an impression of a Society, vain, profligate, and immoral, that richly deserved all that the French Revolution visited on the French aristocracy. Gronow is a contemptible toady, a half-wit, and a tailor's dummy. Here is a glimpse of high life, in which this book abounds.

"Once when driving with the Duc de Guiche, the Prince, in his somewhat ape-like manner, pinched his companion. A few moments afterwards the Duke returned the caress with interest, to the great surprise of the Dauphin, who started and turned angrily round, to meet the winning, placid smile of his friend and mentor."

Of another precious Prince we learn "He used to say that he would never marry for that the present age was not worthy to possess Montmorencies, now that the age of chivalry was gone." There was one sight for which I envy the Captain. "Madame de Staël was so angry that she actually foamed at the mouth." I have never seen this achieved except by babies in arms.

I have much enjoyed **Portrait of the Artist's Children by Edward Charles (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).** This is really the study of two brothers, a successful novelist, and a happy-go-lucky artist who is living apart from his wife. The latter finds a centre of life in the growing up of his son John. The chief interest and strength of the story are to be found in the moralizings of Thomas Edgcombe. He is in a state of continuous debate with himself, and the author has wisely allowed his mind to wander so that the reader finds himself as uncertain as Thomas regarding the sanity or insanity of organized life to-day. Thinking of the United States he wondered why Americans had a four-syllable word especially for the process of mounting; they took the elevator. What did they call it when it brought them down? Thomas is a puzzled man and Mr. Charles does not attempt to solve the puzzle. Even at the end we find the "hero" leaving for the Continent with his son John, and the problem of life and of Irene, his wife, is as great as it was at the beginning of the book. The attraction of this story lies in its complete naturalness, its deft touches, and a formlessness which is an art concealing art.

Miss Begbie's book, **Walking in the New Forest (Maclehose. 7s. 6d.),** is the right mixture of guide book and appetizer. She gives us a map, sixteen illustrations, and twenty-five drawings of her own. Then she starts out with a quick eye for birds, flowers, historical places, and peculiar people. A walk is only half a walk unless there is a dog frisking around. Miss Begbie took with her Bill and Mr. Bundy, and they discover not a little. It is evident that the authoress knows her ground. She tells us it is a playground where anybody can walk, sleep, and eat without fear of interference. But she cannot promise freedom from apparitions, such as she saw—"all Adam's-apple, horn rims, and knees. It wore shorts, a Shelley shirt, and toyed with a knobbly ash stick." Nowadays the landscape is littered with this sort of thing.

On page 492 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

PERSONALITIES IN THE LIMELIGHT

THE FLYING AMBASSADOR: H.E. Sir Francis Humphrys, the British Ambassador at Baghdad, about to start out on a 200-mile trip to Mosul, Northern Iraq, with his son and daughter. He pilots his own machine

THE MARQUESS OF TOWNSHEND, who was recently confirmed with 180 other boys at the new Dockland Settlement Church, Canning Town

MR. R. W. CHILD, a former United States Ambassador to Italy, and now the special adviser to Mr. Cordell Hull, the U.S. Secretary of State, being greeted on his arrival at Paddington last week. He has since had conversations with Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon

LEAVING ENGLAND FOR MANCHUKUO: Her Imperial Highness Princess Jun-Ho, sister of the Emperor Kang Teh, the newly enthroned ruler of Manchukuo, who sailed with her husband, Prince Cheng Tui-Kai, and her baby daughter on the *Duchess of Richmond* last week. During the two years that they have been staying in this country the Prince and Princess have been known as Mr. and Mrs. Cheng

ACTRESS AND SKATER: Twelve-year-old Mia Macklin, the talented child film actress, who has just completed her third picture, *Stars of Destiny*. She recently took a leading part in the Westminster Ice Club Carnival

WEDDING BELLS: Miss Joan Woodroffe, daughter of Brig.-General C. R. Woodroffe, and Mr. Jonathan Backhouse, who were married last week at Bembridge, Isle of Wight

SEEN IN THE PADDOCK AT AINTREE: Two members of the smartly dressed crowd at the Grand National. Note the fashionable spotted gloves

ENGAGED: Mr. G. E. L. Lennox Boyd, brother of the Conservative M.P. for Mid-Bedfordshire, and the Hon. Heather Baden-Powell, the elder daughter of the Chief Scout, whose engagement was announced in London a few days ago

FUNCHAL and the ISLAND of MADEIRA

By Edward E. Long, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

PORTO DA CRUZ: A charming little settlement on the north coast of Madeira

I can always see Funchal as I saw it first, when, having crossed the Atlantic from Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana, and having skirted the precipitous south-eastern coast of Madeira, with wonderful glimpses of its glorious mountains, we rounded the noble headland which guards Funchal Bay and discovered a "fairy" town of little white houses with red roofs, embowered in groves of every shade of green, stretching upwards from the delicately-curving shore of the sea, with here and there some hotel-palace poised on a palm-crowned ledge of rock, and high above all ridge after ridge of thickly-forested hill, crowned with ranges of lofty mountains, and topped with a sky of deepest blue flecked with tiny white clouds. I thought it one of the most beautiful spots I had seen in the course of my world wanderings; I think so still.

Ashore, the impressions of beauty are heightened, for, once you have left the quaint little town, with its pleasant square, its promenade by the sea, and its steep and narrow cobbled streets, along which bullocks trot in pairs drawing curious cars on wooden runners—"Madeira sleighs"—you find yourself amongst a wealth of flower and fern. Every villa on the hillside, it seems, has its hanging gardens, vivid with the bloom of scarlet bougainvillea, of yellow senecio, mauve jackaranda, and the softer shades of roses and geraniums; roadways are banked with clusters of fern, among which thousands of stems of arum lilies, of white and mauve, shoot forth, and over which trees, in bewildering variety, of the tropics and sub-tropical, stretch their branches of green.

Such is Funchal, Madeira's capital, and elsewhere in the island there is further beauty, of a different type—high mountain ranges, with rugged peaks, and deep ravines between, adown the sides of which water falls in silvery cascades, and on the lower mountain slopes and in the wide valleys the luxuriance of the vegetation is surprising. Here you will find rare laurels, ferns which have no affinity with any found in Europe or North Africa, but which resemble some of those existing on West Indian Islands and the Isthmus of Panama, the beautiful *Clethra arborea*, of a genus otherwise wholly American, palms, cacti, pines, and the Spanish chestnut, and on higher ground, arborescent heaths and the whortleberry cover large tracts. The coast is very rugged and grand, with lofty headlands, many of dark basalt, which tower up almost from the water's edge, and between them are marvellous views of mountain valleys.

Terraced lands on the hillsides present a striking picture, with their vineyards of luscious grapes — from which is made the far-famed Madeira wine—orchards of peaches, oranges, lemons, mangoes, loquats, and figs; on the lower levels, plantations of bananas, pine-apples, and sugar-cane, and higher, fields of potatoes, sweet potatoes, and corn; and the scenes of peasant life are very interesting.

THE MOUNTAIN RANGES OF MADEIRA: A view of the interior of the island looking northward from Barcelos Peak

FUNCHAL: Cruising liners anchored in the bay

Madeira has, too, a great historic charm. Its discovery, as an uninhabited island, by John Gonsalvez Zarco, in 1420, was due to the bold attempts of Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal, whose mother was Philippa, daughter of "Old John of Gaunt," to find a sea passage to the East, although it appears to have been known to Genoese seamen at an earlier date, and there is the romantic tale of the two lovers of Bristol of the year 1370 who, eloping, attempted to cross the Channel in a small boat, to get to France, and instead were driven by a storm out into the Atlantic and, eventually, to Madeira, where they remained and died. The sailors who were with them are said to have crossed to the African coast, where they were made slaves by the Moors, but one of them was ransomed and got to Portugal, and he, so the story runs, told Prince Henry of the discovery of Madeira.

Anyhow, Zarco, with Prince Henry's help, began the colonization of Madeira, aided by Knights of the Order of Christ, with the blessing of the Pope, and founded Funchal, which takes its name from "funcho," Portuguese for fennel, then growing there in abundance, and by 1451 it had gained the rights of a burgh, and in 1508 those of a city.

The introduction of the vine in the early sixteenth century, and the cultivation of the sugar-cane gave Madeira its two staple products, wine and sugar, on which, and as a tourist resort, it has continued to thrive, and Funchal has, in consequence, benefited largely and is now a modern town, lighted by electricity, with fine hotels and good facilities for golf and tennis, boating and sea-bathing, a casino, theatre, and cinemas.

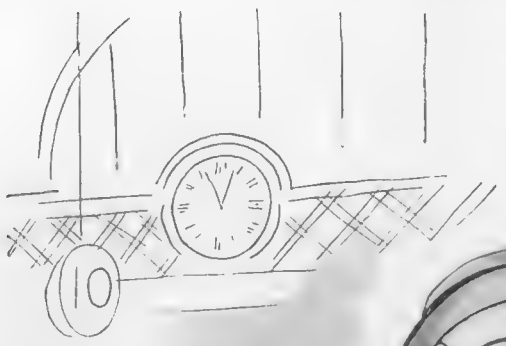
Its primitive methods of transport, bullock-drawn sleighs and toboggans from the heights down, it retains, though there are now good motor roads leading up into the interior and along the coast, and a mountain railway, and it has still its romantic Castle of S. João on the rocky heights of the Pico das Frias, and the remains of the fortress of S. Lourenço, whilst although Funchal has a cathedral the remains of Zarco the Discoverer rest in an urn in the old church of Santa Clara.

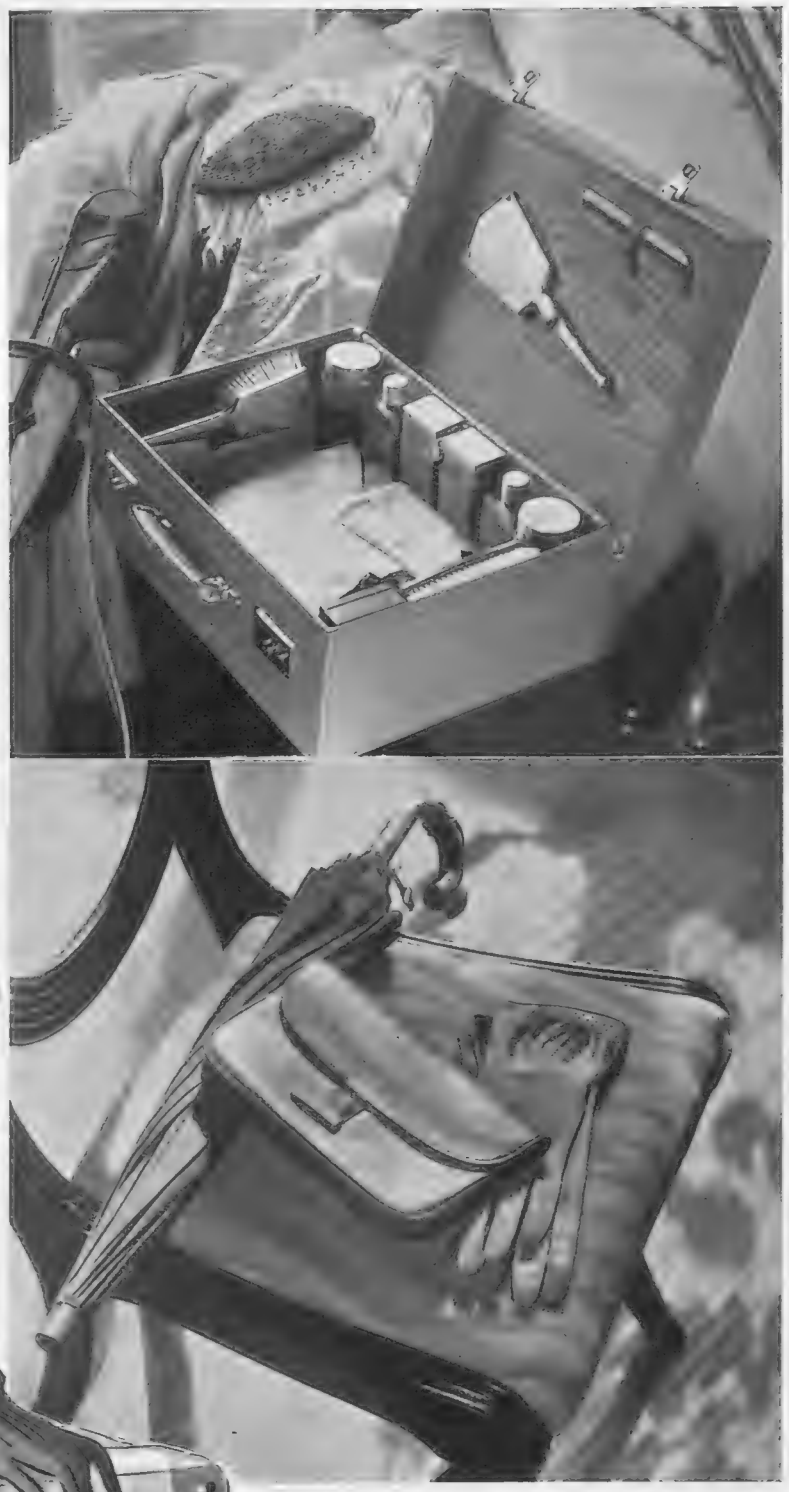
The climate of Madeira is one of the most equable in the world, for the annual mean temperature is about 65 deg., whilst the mean winter temperature is 61 deg. Frost and snow are quite unknown at Funchal, where the winter climate is ideal, with clear skies and plenty of sunshine, and an absence of wind due to the high mountains which give it shelter. Higher up, at 2,000 ft., the climate is naturally colder and more bracing, and visitors find this extremely pleasant for excursions in the daytime.

It would be difficult to find a more beautiful and reposeful spot for a holiday than Madeira, and it enjoys the great privilege of a regular service of steamers to and from this country by a number of the leading lines—Union Castle, Royal Mail, Elder Dempster, Royal Netherlands Steamship, Blue Star, and Booth, all of which issue return tickets, available for a number of months, at specially-reduced rates. On these large vessels the sea voyage is delightful, and an added pleasure, in the case of some of the lines, is a call at Spanish and Portuguese ports.

TRAVELLING IN COMFORT

Practical Clothes and Well-Planned Luggage Save Time and Trouble





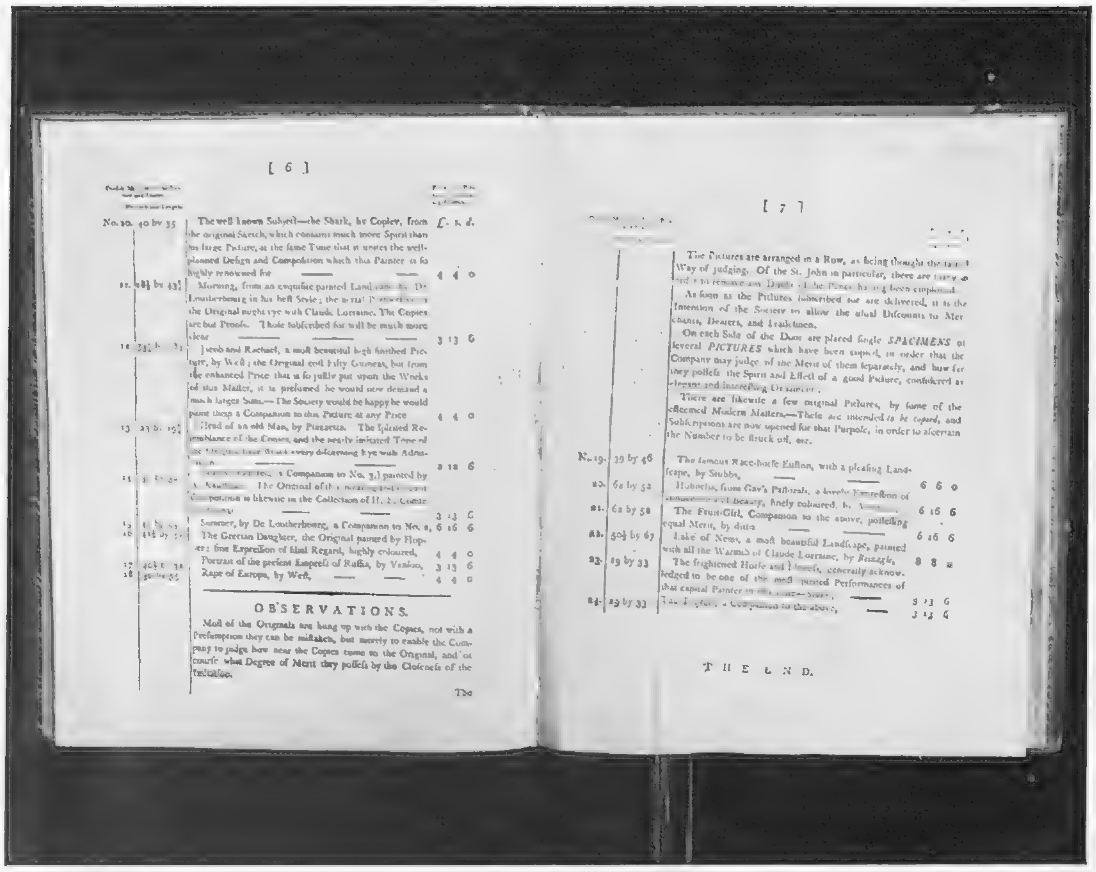
Pigskin is one of the most durable of all leathers, and it is consequently an excellent choice for a fitted dressing case. It is used for the one shown at the head of this page. Lined with antique silk, the fittings are of plain glass and beige enamel on sterling silver gilt, engine-turned. It measures 19 in. and costs £38 10s. at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company of 112, Regent Street, W.

Nothing is more infuriating than a handbag which, because it is really too small to hold all one needs, is crowded to such an extent that one can never find the things one wants. Photographed above is a fine blue seal bag with an unusual chromium and gilt fastening. Large enough to hold a passport, it is both practical and chic, and it costs £4 15s. at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Travelling coats are interesting this year because they are so versatile. They find a place in every wardrobe. There can be no doubt that we shall see many swagger coats, especially the new variety that falls straight from the shoulders and has raised pleats down the side back. These are much less full than those that were launched in the autumn, and have a more tailored air. We shall also have an opportunity of wearing again the full-length box-coat—than which nothing more comfortable has ever been designed. Falling straight and loosely from the shoulders, it is unbelted, it has commodious pockets, and it wraps well across the knees The coat on the left comes from Burberry's, in the Haymarket, and is made in a stone-coloured crêpe-weave woollen fabric. It is double-breasted, the under part being held in place by the right-hand buttons. This means that it never shifts or drops. The buttons are half circles of natural horn, and the triangular insets which form the button-holes are exceptionally neat. The cape tops to the sleeves are also noteworthy. Indian hand-painted silk squares in gorgeous colours make most effective scarves and look particularly well with sports clothes. They have hand-rolled edges and cost only 12s. 6d. at Burberry's, where there is an excellent collection of gauze-cashmere jumpers which cost 2½ guineas and are perfect for this time of the year

POLYGRAPHIA

More Facts About a Remarkable Process of Reproducing Oil Paintings


[6]

No. 10. 40 by 35 The well known Subject—the Shark, by Copley, from the original Sketch, which contains much more Spirit than his large Picture, at the same Time that it unites the well-planned Design and Composition which this Painter is so highly renowned for — — £4 4 0

11. 48½ by 43½ Morning, from an exquisite painted Landscape by De Loutherbourg in his best Style; the actual [illegible] the Original might vye with Claude Lorraine. The Copies are but Proofs. Those subscribed for will be much more clear — — — 3 13 6

12. [illegible] Jacob and Rachael, a most beautiful high finished Picture, by West; the Original cost Fifty Guineas, but from the enhanced Price that is so justly put upon the Works of this Master, it is presumed he would now demand a much larger Sum.—The Society would be happy he would paint them a Companion to this Picture at any Price 4 4 0

13. 23 by 19½ Head of an old Man, by Piazzetta. The [illegible] Resemblance of the Copies, and the nearly imitated Tone of the Original [illegible] every discerning Eye with Admiration — — 3 13 6

14. [illegible] [illegible] a Companion to No. 3, painted by [illegible]. The Original of this [illegible] Composition is likewise in the Collection of [illegible] — — 3 13 6

15. [illegible] Summer, by De Loutherbourg, a Companion to No. 2, 6 16 6

16. [illegible] The Grecian Daughter, the Original painted by Hopner; fine Expression of filial Regard, highly coloured, 4 4 0

17. 40½ by 32 Portrait of the present Empress of Russia, by Vanloo, 3 13 6

18. [illegible] Rape of Europa, by West, — — 4 4 0

OBSERVATIONS.

Most of the Originals are hung up with the Copies, not with a Presumption they can be mistaken, but merely to enable the Company to judge how near the Copies come to the Original, and of course what Degree of Merit they possess by the Closeness of the Imitation.

The

[7]

The Pictures are arranged in a Row, as being thought the [illegible] Way of judging. Of the St. John in particular, there are [illegible]

As soon as the Pictures subscribed for are delivered, it is the Intention of the Society to allow the usual Discounts to Merchants, Dealers, and Tradesmen.

On each Side of the Door are placed single SPECIMENS of several PICTURES which have been copied, in order that the Company may judge of the Merit of them separately, and how far they possess the Spirit and Effect of a good Picture, considered as elegant and interesting Ornaments.

There are likewise a few original Pictures, by some of the esteemed Modern Masters.—These are intended to be copied, and Subscriptions are now opened for that Purpose, in order to ascertain the Number to be struck off, etc.

No. 19. 39 by 46 The famous Race-horse Eclipse, with a pleasing Landscape, by Stubbs, — — 6 6 0

20. 62 by 52 Hobnelia, from Gay's Pastorals, a lovely [illegible] of [illegible] beauty, finely coloured, by [illegible] 6 16 6

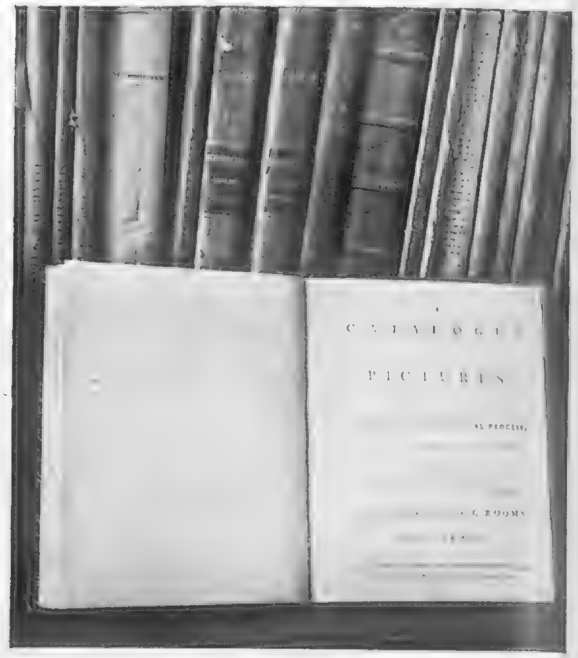
21. 62 by 50 The Fruit-Girl, Companion to the above, possessing equal Merit, by ditto — — 6 16 6

22. 50½ by 67 Lake of Nemi, a most beautiful Landscape, painted with all the Warmth of Claude Lorraine, by Fenaglie, 8 8 0

23. 29 by 33 The frightened Horse and [illegible], generally acknowledged to be one of the most [illegible] Performances of that capital Painter [illegible] — 3 13 6

24. 29 by 33 [illegible], a Companion to the above, — 3 13 6

THE END.



A CATALOGUE OF PICTURES MADE BY THE POLYGRAPHIC PROCESS: When this system of mechanically reproducing oil paintings was invented by Mr. Joseph Booth, specimens of the art were placed on exhibition at a gallery in the Strand, side by side with the originals. This catalogue, which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum was compiled to show the price at which the copies could be bought. *Left*—A reproduction of two pages from the catalogue. *Right*—The title-page

A FORERUNNER OF THE CINEMA: In 1782 the famous artist de Loutherbourgh opened an exhibition of moving pictures in London which he called the Eidophusikon (Representation of Nature). It quickly became the rage, and so attracted Thomas Gainsborough that he reproduced a "show box" (above) on similar lines in which he exhibited his own landscape paintings on glass. This apparatus together with the slides is to be sold on May 11 at Messrs. Christie's

Interest continues unabated in art circles regarding the polygraphic process of reproducing paintings in oil to which Sir Charles Holmes, Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, referred during the course of the recent picture insurance case.

In last week's issue of THE SPHERE extracts were given from an account setting forth the advantages of this process, which was invented by Mr. Joseph Booth, an eighteenth-century portrait painter. Further research has revealed that there is in the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, one of the catalogues issued by the Polygraphic Society from their Galleries in the Strand. This sets forth the various prices for which polygraphic copies of pictures could be obtained.

De Loutherbourgh's painting, "Morning," for instance, could be obtained for £3 13s. 6d. with frame, while the catalogue reveals that copies could also be obtained of works by such notable artists as Copley, Benjamin West, Angelica Kauffmann, Hoppner, and Van Loo. This catalogue is of the very greatest interest to students of the polygraphic art and evidences the extent to which the process was applied in the eighteenth century.

LANDSCAPES EXHIBITED IN THE "SHOW BOX" which, when lit up, revealed the remarkable detail of Gainsborough's work

THE LIGHTING SYSTEM: The holders for the candles which illuminated the pictures exhibited in the "show box"

A CLOSE UP of another slide made by Gainsborough for his "show box"

EIDOPHUISKON

De Loutherbourgh's Ingenious Invention which Became the Talk of the Town

An important item in the Leopold Hirsch collection, which is to be sold at Christie's on May 11, recalls an early attempt to provide public entertainment by the display of moving pictures. This consists of a "show box" made by Thomas Gainsborough for exhibiting landscapes painted on glass by himself.

Gainsborough obtained this idea from the artist de Loutherbourgh who, according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, planned and constructed an ingenious system of moving pictures within a proscenium which, by a clever disposition of lights, coloured gauzes, and the like, imitated atmospheric effects at different times of the day. This he called the Eidophusikon.

The exhibition of these pictures was accompanied by appropriate music, and it seems that the display very quickly attracted attention. Reynolds and Gainsborough were particularly enthusiastic about the new invention, which became so popular that when de Loutherbourgh was prosecuted for exhibiting his system without a musical licence, the justices before whom the case came at once granted the licence without inflicting any penalty.

The Eidophusikon continued to enjoy the whole-hearted patronage of the public, and it was not long before the inventor launched out on a more ambitious scale. A new series of scenes was exhibited showing Satan arranging his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake, and the Cataract of Niagara, the whole production being made more realistic by the introduction of sound.

Finally, de Loutherbourgh sold the apparatus and the slides to a Mr. Chapman, who had long been associated with him in the enterprise.

The exhibitions were then transferred from the West End to the City, while de Loutherbourgh, falling under the influence of the prophet, Richard Brothers, devoted himself to healing diseases by prayer and faith. Achieving nothing but unwelcome notoriety as a result of his pursuits in this direction, however, he once again took up painting. He died on March 1, 1812, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard.

As an artist de Loutherbourgh holds a high place in the estimation of critics, but as the inventor of what was a forerunner of the cinema he is certainly deserving of much wider recognition.

The "night-cap"

The last ten minutes—to dwell on a hundred varied impressions—to taste once more, in a final drink, all the life and sparkle of a perfect evening.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

WOMEN AT THE WHEEL

(Continued from p. 481)

racing at Brooklands is less dangerous than steeple-chasing. Look at Cheltenham's record alone in the latter category. There have been, however, many extraordinary accidents in which nobody has been seriously hurt. There is actually an exclusive society of motorists who landed in the sewage farm from the track. Accidents have occurred all over the place. Lord Ridley went through a corrugated iron fence, cut a tree in half, which was 8 in. in diameter, and only hurt his foot. Captain Fraser Nash went through a corrugated iron fence at 100 m.p.h., and only bruised himself. At the last meeting of last year George Duller's brother, in coming off the Home banking at 120 m.p.h., snapped off a telegraph pole as though it were a carrot. The car turned over several times, but the driver landed on a mud bank and walked back smoking the inevitable cigarette. Another young man came off the Home banking at high speed and, believe it or not, his car landed on all four wheels on the road twenty feet below. The wheels collapsed, and that was that. He was scarcely shaken.

It is a hitherto unexplained fact that in nearly every case of an accident occurring at high speed the driver loses his shoes or boots. Whether it has something to do with centrifugal force, or whether they get caught in the falls, I do not know. One expert says that in the case of motor-bicycle racing the faster you go the less likely you are to hurt yourself if an accident occurs. His theory is that you slither rather than thud on the prepared surface. On the other hand, in motor-bicycle races the driver parts company immediately with his machine, which, unfortunately, does not happen with motor cars. What is a further misfortune is that a motor-car accident is nearly always attended by a fire. In consequence, Brooklands have now bought a Bentley fire tender which is the fastest in the world. In any event there are always one or two ambulances and several doctors in attendance.

What you notice most nowadays about racing at Brooklands is not so much the increased speed of the cars (for as long ago as 1908 Nazzarro attained a speed at some moments of between 120 and 125 m.p.h. at Brooklands), but the decreased size of the motor cars which attain high speeds. It was not so long ago when anything under 90 h.p. was not considered to have a chance. To-day—well, look at the Baby Austins, for example. Who will ever forget Count Zborowski's Chitty Bang Bang? It was the most enormous affair, and made still more noticeable by the black shirts and caps with their incredible checks worn by the Count and his team. It is noticeable, too, that nowadays there are far fewer examples of motorists entering their cars in their own names but getting someone else to drive them.

To-day there are forty racing drivers who have achieved an average of 120 m.p.h. over a lap at Brooklands. The highest speed ever recorded was 143·67 m.p.h. for 1 kilometre by Mr. John Cobb in the car in which he is going to try and lower Tim Birkin's record on Monday. Mrs. E. M. Thomas's 114 m.p.h. achieved six years ago still stands as the fastest speed of a race won by a woman, though Mrs. Wisdom reached a speed of 121 m.p.h. in her Leyland-Thomas eighteen months ago in a flying lap.

Even when there is no racing, the track is being used. Each week there are at least thirty members of the Brooklands Club or members of the public (who pay 10s. for the privilege of doing so) trying out their cars. All told, there are about 1,300 members, with the Prince of Wales as a patron. Any of them will be there on Monday, and so will be the bookmakers. There are twenty or thirty of them in the public enclosures, and a dozen or so in the paddock. The odds are rather more cramped than on a racecourse. You seldom get more than ten to one. At the same time, they are always ready to do business with you.

In conclusion, the safety of the public has been further assured by the erection of still more barricades of railway sleepers faced with steel plates at all points where the public gets a view of the racing.

THE SCIENCE OF STAR-MAKING

(Continued from p. 482)

of a system that had been so carefully built up. But *Grand Hotel* was an undoubted success and *If I Had a Million*, a film that also gathered the stars into a huge and glittering group, repeated the trick with equal success.

"The star system," said a recent Hollywood statement on this point, "has been carefully nurtured by producers, and it doesn't break it up in the least to put nine or ten of them together in one picture. The reaction, as far as we have seen and heard, compares favourably with that of a 'quickie' production that has hired a big name for one day's work and then bills that name as the star."

And so the star system has grown from the days when men like De Mille picked out unknown girls and developed them into profitable personalities, simply as part of the fight against richer companies who could afford to lure important stage figures to film work. To-day the star system is the basic foundation of the popularity and success of

FROM "THE SPHERE" POSTBAG

Pictures from Readers in India, Burma, and Baluchistan

ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER OF BALUCHISTAN: A sentry of the Chagai Levy Corps guarding a camp. This Corps consists of about 320 men recruited from the Sinjrani, Samalari, Mengal, and other Baluchi tribes. They police over 550 miles of frontier

THE ART OF THE SILVERSMITH: A magnificent flower vase of solid silver which has recently been presented to the Shwe-san-daw Pagoda at Prome, Burma

THE MUSHROOM TOWER: This watch tower at Mandalay, Upper Burma, was built in a day at the order of King Mindon. It is about 90 ft. high

RAWAN, THE TEN-HEADED MYTHOLOGICAL KING OF LANKA: The burning of this effigy marks the termination of the Hindu Dasehra festival in India. When the Dasehra processions pass through the streets of a town great precautions have to be taken to prevent clashes between Muhammadans and Hindus

American pictures. Is this system indigenous to America? Can we ever transplant it in this country? I believe this can be accomplished, but not until British studios create the machinery for the manufacture of a star. As it is, British companies adopt a method of star-development that is ludicrously haphazard when contrasted with American methods.

We *want* British stars—so we must *make* them. And Hollywood has shown us how.

THE UNCROWNED KING OF MACEDONIA

(Continued from p. 474)

not sign it, and there has been something approaching a panic in Bulgarian political circles on that account. Agreement between France and Italy may save the situation; but will that agreement be maintained?

It is not many weeks since a leading Macedonian predicted to me that unless Macedonia is free within two years there will be war in the Balkans. "The Serbs precipitated war in 1914 for a similar ideal. And if we now precipitate it, who shall blame us? The blame will rest with those who ignored Macedonian claims when drawing up the Peace Treaties. . . . Our motto is Freedom or Death."

So it seems that the Powers should turn their attention to the Macedonian Question before the ink of their signatures has faded from the gilt-edged paper on which their famous Pact is inscribed.

Hospital's Tribute to Mr. J. S. Elias

Mr. J. S. Elias, chairman and managing director of the *Daily Herald* and Odhams Press, Ltd., was the guest of honour at a recent luncheon at the Dorchester in recognition of his service in raising funds for the new Nurses' Home for Charing Cross Hospital. It was mentioned in one of the speeches that Mr. Elias had raised for charity during the last three years over £100,000. The Right Hon. Lord Trent was in the chair, and Mr. Elias was presented with a silver salver inscribed with the signatures of those associated with this expression of appreciation. The luncheon was organized by Mr. Philip Inman, managing governor of Charing Cross Hospital.

A Deserving Charity

The work of the Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople is of particular importance at this moment as there are so many people of this class in urgent need. At the annual meeting of the guild, the chairman, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Kensington, said that gentlepeople were very reticent about their circumstances and it was often difficult to find out the extent of their need. They were generally the last to apply for help, and often had to be "dug out" before they would consider making any appeal. So much is done now for other classes, and for the "down and out," that a society for helping gentlepeople deserved all the support and help that could be given to it, especially when, like the Guild of Aid, it had been quietly carrying out its good work for twenty-nine years. The president of the guild is H.H. Princess Marie Louise, and the headquarters are at 83, Cambridge Street, Warwick Square, London, S.W. 1.

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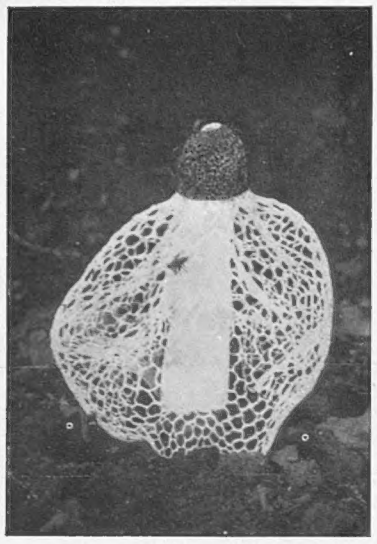


NATURE'S TRACERY: This fungus was found early one morning in a garden in the Garo Hills, Assam, India. It had an extremely unpleasant smell and appeared to attract flies in large numbers. "In about three hours," writes "The Sphere" reader who took the picture, "it had completely shrivelled up leaving no trace whatsoever of its existence"

THE WORLD'S NEED OF GOLD

(*Continued from p. 464*)

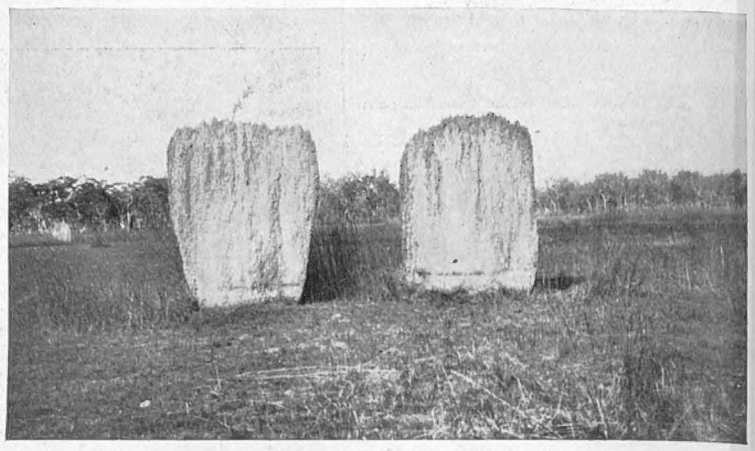
abnormal and temporary. They cannot last long enough to stimulate production from known areas sufficiently to secure the world from threatened gold shortage. Nor, in the event of a great discovery being made as a result of the eager search for gold now in progress, would the beneficial effect be felt for a number of years.

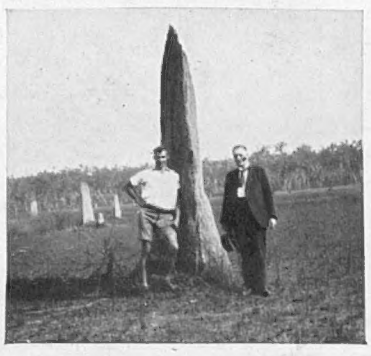
The only solution of the problem, therefore, is that the nations should lower their reserve requirements so that in future each ounce of gold held by them should support more currency than formerly. Thus the legally determined price of gold would be higher than before, but actually gold would be cheapened because a given weight of it would purchase less of other commodities than it did in the past. Consequently, the general level of prices might be expected to rise. That circumstance would not necessarily discourage gold production; on the contrary, if working costs were kept down the assured increased price obtainable in the form of paper representatives — of currency — would possibly stimulate output.

Two alternatives remain. The first of these is control of gold production by a commission of the leading commercial nations. The second alternative is the organization of a goldless system.

Neither of the two proposals mentioned may be considered as immediately practicable. It is difficult to imagine the formation of a League of Nations for the purpose of controlling gold output; while to the suggestion that gold should be abolished altogether from the monetary system there is one fatal objection: the public mentality is not ready for it.

Lancelot Lawton





Above and left—MERIDIAN ANT HILLS seen about fifteen miles from Darwin, Northern Territory, Australia. These are so named because the thin ends invariably point north and south. The hills range from black to red according to the colour of the soil in which they stand, and sometimes the plains of the Northern Territory are covered with them

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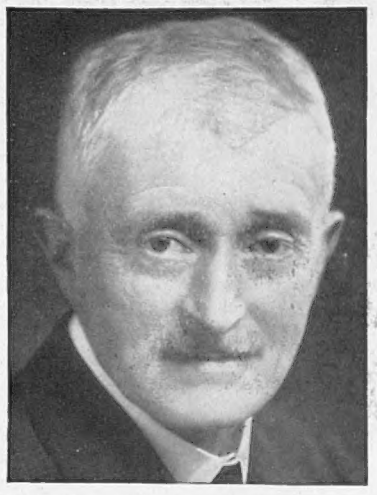

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

T., Hants (Cyprus).—Cyprus is not a practical suggestion for a holiday of two weeks' duration, as even by the shortest route overland to Brindisi and thence by Lloyd Triestino steamer the journey takes five days. Living is cheap there, and it is true that you would get good hotel accommodation for 9s. per day. Kyrenia (on the coast) and Troodos (in the mountains) are the most popular summer resorts. If you have three months or so at your disposal the most economical way of travelling to Cyprus is via the Prince Line. From December to August the single fare is about £22, and the 25 days' voyage is a very pleasant one, as the boats call at Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa, and Beyrout.

T., Hants (Rome).—During June the return 2nd class fare from London to Rome, via Newhaven–Dieppe, would be about £12 3s. At the Hotel de Londra et Cargill, via Collina 23, you would get terms for 30 lire per day. There are no steamship connections between England and Civita Vecchia, the port for Rome. You would have to travel to Genoa by Union-Castle Line, and there take one of the small boats of the Tirrenia Line to Civita Vecchia, or alternatively travel to Naples by the Orient Line, and then make the journey from Naples to Rome by rail.

A., Surrey (Switzerland).—As you will be visiting Switzerland to see the spring flowers, we suggest you choose Lugano for the middle of April, and Montreux for the middle of May. If you stay at Les Avants, just above Montreux, where there are several good hotels, you will be in the centre of a district where the hills are literally covered with narcissi. The return 1st class fare from London to Montreux is £13 6s. 9d. via Dover–Calais and Paris, and the cost of a 1st class sleeping berth on the Simplon–Orient express from Paris to Montreux is £2 6s. 11d.

M., Yorks.—If you want a really long sea voyage and would not object to travelling on a cargo boat, you could not do better than go up the Mediterranean to the Black Sea on one of the Ellerman Line or Nordenfjeldske S.S. Company's boats. By the former the round trip costs £50 for a ten-week voyage, and ports of call include Gibraltar, Algiers, Oran, Patras, Piræus, Syra, Salonica, Istanbul, Bourgas, and Constanza, and there are sailings every fortnight from Liverpool or London. The boats of the latter company leave London every fortnight; the voyage to Patras, Piræus, Salonica, Greek Islands, Messina, Palermo, Naples, and Valencia takes sixty-eight days, passengers paying at the rate of 15s. per day.

L., Suffolk (Austria).—As you wish to avoid English people as much as possible, you would be wiser to spend your holiday in Carinthia rather than in the Tirol. Velden - on - Wörthersee is a favourite summer resort. The hotels there are good and the sports include swimming, tennis, and golf. Many excursions can be made by lake steamer and by motor car. The most interesting among the latter is the drive through exceedingly wild country to the summit of the Loibl Pass, the frontier between Austria and Yugoslavia. The return 2nd class fare from London to Velden is £18 9s. 4d., and the supplement for the 2nd class sleeper from Calais to Salzburg is £3 9s. 2d. If you would prefer to stay in a small village, you would like Heiligenblut, which is situated in the heart of the mountains, at the foot of the Gross Glockner. There are one or two hotels there, and you would, of course, find it cheaper to stay in Heiligenblut rather than in Velden.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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"Cervantes was embarked in the galley *La Marquesa*, but, owing to a slight illness, he was temporarily relieved of service, and was lying in his cabin dazed by fever, and agonising that he was unable to take part in the battle.

The din of war without incessantly increased his excitement. The harsh commands, the violent explosions, the fragmentary descriptions that reached him at last proved too much.

Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour. . . .

Women now began to count for something in his life. Cervantes, in civilian dress, paid court assiduously to the beautiful and noble Dona Catalina, de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. Ever a true artist, he drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem 'Galatea.'"

From "OLD TALES RETOLD" by F. MATANIA, R.I.—The Life and Adventures of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

". . . There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

"It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: "With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines.

We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed. We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

"But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. "Who the hell cares——"

"It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. "It is Part I of a peace story."

". . . I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. "This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

"You are wrong," said Lakry. "It has a tail with a twist that'll . . ."

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